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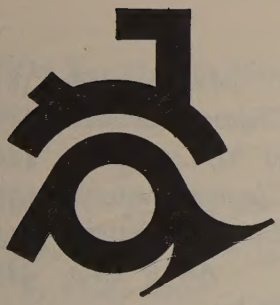

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MARX AND BAKUNIN

I

THE courageous stand which Marx had taken for the cause of the defeated Paris Commune (1871) was the last rebellious act of his life, the last gesture of defiance flung at the world of privilege. What followed was chiefly a struggle for supremacy within the International,* and later for influence over the growing socialist movement in Germany.

* The International (its full name was "International Workingmen's Association"), founded in London, 1864, was the first attempt to bring together radical and labor organizations of all countries in their common aspirations towards more democracy and a vague ideal of human brotherhood. The "First International," as this organization is now called, was originally not committed to any definite political program; it embraced all schools of radical thought. It ceased to exist in the middle of the seventies. The organization usually referred to as the "Second International" (or the "Socialist International") is the international body embracing at present practically all Socialist parties the world over. It was constituted in 1889. The World War caused a split in the international socialist movement, with the moderate, right-wing elements, now known as "Socialists," supporting their respective governments, and the more radical, left-wing elements, who later assumed the name of "Communists," opposing them. In 1919, on the initiative of the Russian Communists, an international body uniting all Communist parties was founded. It is known as the "Third" or "Communist International" ("Comintern").

The last scenes of the Paris Commune, the merciless massacre of tens of thousands of rebels, had called forth a deep wave of hatred and resentment on the part of all the dissatisfied elements of the civilized world. The reprisals of the defeated—slight as they were—likewise created an atmosphere of fear and rage among the upholders of the old system. They had recovered from the "mad year" of 1848 which they knew had been only a family quarrel either between junkers and capitalists, or between financiers and the rest of the middle classes. The June (1848) insurrection of the Paris workers was forgotten. The International was still largely a debating society, and the name of Dr. Marx, its leading spirit, was seldom mentioned. The reaction of the continental bourgeoisie had hitherto been comparable to the contemptuous attitude of American society towards the various radical parties and sects—except for its fits of anti-red hysteria, such as overcame it after the Chicago tragedy of 1886 and after the Bolshevik revolution in 1917.

But now, after 1871, membership in the International began to be looked upon as participation in a dangerous conspiracy for the forcible overthrow of the existing system. All governments either took or contemplated taking measures against the surging menace. Only England refused to be alarmed. Her statesmen apparently understood that at bottom it was not the immediate forcible overthrow of capitalism but simply more democracy that the "Internationalists" in the various countries were striving for. Consequently their aims could have no revolutionary purport in England where —now that the suffrage had been granted the workers—a great part of their demands had been realized anyhow. The Queen's ministers also knew that the British members of the International, as represented by the various trade unions and their leadership, were altogether removed from any subversive thoughts or intentions. In fact—as in the case of the present-day bosses of the American Federation of Labor

with regard to Soviet Russia—the British trade union leadership was more terrified than the government itself; and Marx's courageous championship of the cause of the defeated Commune in the name of the International, gave its British members a welcome opportunity to desert it. One of the first deserters was the prominent trade union leader Odger, who had been Chairman of the General Council of the International. The revolutionary reputation of the Commune went against these leaders' ideal of respectability within the existing system. Besides, most of their grievances against the prevailing order seemed to be forgotten as soon as the granting of suffrage to the workers gave them a chance to run for Parliament and to obtain influence within the Liberal Party. . . .

The desertion of the British was, however, only a minor matter as compared with the bitter struggle that was going on within the continental membership of the International. That struggle did not have its origins in the Commune. It had begun a few years before, and centered around the name of the Russian revolutionist Michael Bakunin.

Bakunin was one of those Promethean personalities of whom it may be said that very few are born in a century. Blanqui, Marx, Bakunin and Lenin—and the list is well-nigh exhausted. They are men to whom the idea, or the will to power, finding expression in their specific ideology, takes the place of all other interests, all other passions. An officer in the Tsarist army at first, he was impelled by his intellectual interests to give up the regular career of most of the able-bodied scions of the Russian nobility. The Russian landowning class was then, in the early part of the last century, the only class with a European culture. Its more advanced sons were casting envious glances at Western Europe whose more or less orderly State organization they sadly compared with the unbridled corruption and unmitigated rottenness of their own bureaucracy. The more cou-

rageous elements came out openly in favor of Westernization as the means of saving the country from eventual ruin. Others, afraid to break with the still powerful machine of Asiatic despotism, found a compensation for their sense of inferiority in "Slavophile" thunderings against the "decaying" West. In others, again, the democratic protest against barbarity at home merged imperceptibly with a nationalist revolt against the superiority of the West. In short, they became revolutionary nationalist democrats in their own way, much to the same extent that Marx and his friends, at about the same time, started out as democratic-revolutionary German nationalists.

Having left his country in the early Forties, Bakunin lived in Germany and France, studying the thinkers of these countries and trying to work out his own philosophy of life. One of his first literary productions—an article published in a German paper in 1842 and whose philosophical tone so confounded the censor that he let it pass—contained the hence historical exclamation: "The urge of destruction is at the same time a creative urge." This contributed its part to giving him that reputation of an "Apostle of Pan-Destruction" which a sensational press for many years attached to his name. In reality, however, it was only his way of expressing his groping ardor for a thorough-going change in the direction of more democracy, more freedom, more social justice, as the time-honored expression has it.

In Paris during the Forties he had met Proudhon and Marx, the budding representatives of the two main schools which two decades later were to fight for predominance in the early years of the International. From the former he absorbed the libertarian ideas of protest against State compulsion, which eventually were to become the traditional mainstay of all anarchist philosophies. To the latter, he was chiefly indebted for the emphasis he was to lay upon the revolutionary class struggle. He no doubt made a great im-

pression on Marx and his close friend and collaborator Engels. For there was an element of fascination in him which in another period would have been compared to witchcraft. But the two German friends had their misgivings just the same. Was it that they sensed the future rival in the struggle for the domination of the revolutionary movement, or was it a deep-rooted national prejudice they had against the man from semi-barbarous Russia? Later Marx had the misfortune of meeting in London the former British diplomat Urquhart who suffered from an acute case of political paranoia. It made him see Russian agents everywhere, not only in all foreign and British statesmen, but in all radicals and revolutionists as well whether from England or elsewhere. Marx got some valuable information from him about the workings of the diplomatic game, and though he sometimes made fun of Urquhart's *idée fixe*, he nevertheless imperceptibly absorbed a great deal of his mania. In one of his letters he had written to Engels: "I do not trust any Russian,"* and as early as 1846 Engels, in one of his letters, expressed the suspicion that Bakunin might be a spy of the Russian Embassy in Paris. Yet, though Marx himself likewise brought up the accusation in 1848, he could not help, soon afterwards, expressing his admiration for Bakunin's heroic leadership of the revolt in Dresden in 1849. And Engels expressed his great joy when, after a terrible ordeal of nine years in prison and three years in Siberia, Bakunin in 1861 finally succeeded in fleeing to Western Europe where he immediately resumed his revolutionary activities.

But soon enough Marx's old aversion was to break out again. In 1863—without having seen the Russian—he wrote to Engels that "Bakunin is a monster, *a huge mass of flesh and fat* [English in the German original] who can hardly

* The Russian scholar Maxim Kovalevsky who met Marx in the late Seventies, tells in his reminiscences that on the very first day of their acquaintance, Marx dropped the remark that "with a few exceptions all Russians who live abroad are agents of Panslavism."

walk. Moreover, he is altogether crazy and jealous about his seventeen year old Polish girl, who married him in Siberia on account of his martyrdom. He is at present in Sweden where he is making 'revolution' with the Finns." Bakunin was actually in Sweden then, trying his best to help the Polish insurgents. His hopes of bringing about an insurrection in Finland, as a means of stimulating disaffection and revolt in the Tsarist Empire, did not materialize. Marx's sneers at Bakunin's failure assumed the air of superior political wisdom. But in the same letter Marx was full of rapturous praise for a Polish Colonel Lapinski, who was active in London for the Polish insurrection. "He is decidedly the cleverest Pole—and at the same time a man of action—I have ever met. His sympathies are all with the German side. . . . Instead of the struggle of nationalities, he knows only the struggle of races. He hates all Orientals, among whom he includes with equal predilection the Russians, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, etc." The same Lapinski, the letter goes on, was now out to equip a German legion which would fight for Polish independence under the German black-red-gold national-republican flag. This was to win over German sympathies for the insurrection. Marx, who was rightly sneering at Bakunin's Finnish venture, was full of enthusiasm for this preposterous and criminal plan to sacrifice hundreds of German enthusiasts for the Pilsudskis of two generations ago. . . .

The general impression which Marx and his world of thought had made upon the Russian, appears from the words the latter wrote down in 1870, at a time when all personal relations were broken between the two men, and the struggle for predominance in the International was in full swing: "As a thinker," Bakunin wrote, "Marx is on the right road. He has established the principle that all religious, political, juridical developments in history are not the causes but the effects of economic developments. This great and fruitful

thought was not excogitated by him; it was foreseen, partly even expressed by many others. But at bottom it is his merit to have given it a solid foundation and to have made it the basis of his whole economic system. On the other hand, Proudhon understood and felt liberty much better than Marx did. Whenever Proudhon does not fall into doctrinarism and metaphysics, he has the real instinct of a revolutionist; he adores Satan and preaches anarchy. It is quite possible that Marx could rise theoretically to a still more rational system of liberty than Proudhon, but he lacks Proudhon's instinct. In his capacity as a German and as a Jew he is an authoritarian from the top of his head to his heel."

This "as a German and as a Jew"—which is occasionally omitted from this quotation by charitable historians, contributes a great deal to the explanation of the conflict between the two titans. Not the mere fact, of course, that Bakunin did not like the Jews. He actually loathed them, as only a Russian nobleman can, and never minced words about it. In addition to his Russian nobleman's idiosyncrasy in this respect, he had had the bad luck of being continuously attacked and slandered as a Tsarist agent by an unsavory assortment of journalists and retired capitalists of Jewish origin who had chosen Marx's safe brand of radicalism as an escape from boredom. However, the unabridged edition of the correspondence, and even occasional public utterances of Marx and Engels, show that they too were not beyond reproach in this respect and were given to using the word "Jew" exclusively in a disparaging sense. It was Bakunin's aversion to German nationalism, his Slavic revolutionarism, which was inevitably bound to lead to a clash between him and Marx.

Marx had started out as a revolutionary German democrat, whose great longing was to see the German lands welded into a union embracing the Austro-Hungarian territories including their many Slavic nationalities. Excepting the

Poles he saw no future for the Slavs inhabiting the Hapsburg Empire and, with arguments worthy of a Bismarck, he accepted forcible or gradual Germanization and Magyarization as their inevitable destiny. Bakunin, on the other hand, had started out as a revolutionary Slavic democrat longing for a vast federation of all liberated Slavic nationalities: Russians, Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, Croats, Serbs, Bulgars. His revolutionary protest was directed not only against the Tsar who held the Russians and the Poles under his thumb—but also against the Germans, Hungarians and Turks who oppressed the other Slavic peoples. He voiced these ideas at a Slavic congress held in Prague in 1848. But the conservative and outright reactionary elements which prevailed at that congress, prevented a victory of Bakunin's far-reaching revolutionary proposals.

Marx, with the same German nationalist shortsightedness which in 1848 caused him to gloss over the chauvinist tendencies of the Austrian Germans when they helped to subdue the Italian insurgents, saw in Bakunin's propaganda part and parcel of the Tsarist Panslavic policy which was out to conquer all the Slavic territories of Central and Southern Europe. As a result, he used the first opportunity to insert in his *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* of July 6, 1848, a little note saying: "With regard to the Slavic propaganda, we have been assured yesterday that George Sand is in possession of papers greatly compromising the Russian exile M. Bakunin, presenting him as a tool or a newly engaged Russian agent who is chiefly responsible for the recent arrests among the unfortunate Poles. George Sand has shown these papers to some of her friends." George Sand had not shown these papers to anybody because she never had them, and she sent an energetic protest to Marx's paper testifying to the purity of Bakunin's character. Marx inserted her letter—not however without patting himself on the back for the two performances: "We have thus fulfilled the duty of the press

to watch public characters rigorously," he wrote, "and at the same time we gave Mr. Bakunin the opportunity to dispel a suspicion which certainly had been raised in Paris in certain circles." This almost read like the proverbial boast of a sensational yellow daily for having been the only paper that carried a certain mendacious item, as well as the only paper that printed a denial on the very next day.

In partial justification to Marx, however, it may be said that rumors about Bakunin's connection with his government were persistently being spread—by the Russian Embassy in Paris and other Tsarist agents. That infernal device for the destruction of a dangerous enemy succeeded only too well in embittering the whole life of the great rebel. In later years, during the struggle within the International, the old accusation was brought up again—but such is the tragedy of the struggle for power. A tragi-comical element in this game, however, lies in the fact that Marx, who ever since 1848 was the constant dupe of spies and stool pigeons of every conceivable nationality, had to use up so much of his energy and his honor to assassinate the character of one of the greatest revolutionists of the century. . . .

The sad fate of the Polish insurrection and the refusal of the rebellious Polish nobility to make any concessions to its own peasantry, had a sobering effect upon Bakunin's Slavic enthusiasm. From now on all his indomitable urge for action turned towards the socialist movement in the West. It was in 1864, one year after the Polish uprising, that Marx met Bakunin again after sixteen years. In his letter to Engels, Marx had only praise for the old Russian rebel, whom he found to have progressed intellectually instead of sliding back. When he wrote the letter, Marx was in one of his great moments—with his own Promethean fire undimmed by petty jealousy and fear of competition. It was shortly after the foundation of the International and he had just

drafted its *Inaugural Address*—a feat which automatically placed him at the head of that organization.

About that time Bakunin settled in Italy where he threw himself with all his energy into his work of propaganda and organization which was to associate his name forever with the beginnings of the socialist movement of that country. His conceptions were not quite clear as yet. He was still working out his philosophy which, combining many ideas of Marx and of Proudhon, was evolving from a vague revolutionary libertarianism into what was to become known as "collectivist anarchism." But even if his conceptions were still in the process of formation—one thing was quite clear to him. He did not want a movement such as was represented by most of the sections of the International. Though he was full of admiration for Marx's theoretical achievements and called himself a disciple of his, he had two strong objections to the general policy of the International. On a theoretical plane, it was the opposition to Marx's "communism", which in those years was conceived as postulating a strictly authoritarian, centralized State, controlling the country's entire economic life. He saw in this communism the eventual realization of Marx's ambitions for personal dictatorship. As against it, he advocated his own "collectivism", which was supposed to be the very opposite of Marx's communism. Under this system, the industries and the land were not to belong to the government, as under the Marxian scheme, but to the workers' organizations and associations united in autonomous communities and freely exchanging their products among themselves. This form of organization was supposed to mean the elimination of the "State", the elimination of all centralized authority, thus excluding the possibility of new tyranny being established after a successful revolution. This theory did not stand the test of serious analysis. For the "State", though "abolished" by the establishment of free autonomous communities, celebrated its resurrection un-

der another name in the form of the authorities of the "autonomous communities", entrusted with the accounting and the regulation of the exchange of goods between the various organizations. The whole scheme even implied the possibility of just as much personal dictatorship as under the scheme proposed by Bakunin's authoritarian opponents. For it does not require much effort to find in Bakunin's own utterances a naïve admission that what agitated him in the matter of dictatorship was chiefly the question as to *who* was to be dictator. In the words of the great Rebel, the successful revolution, as conceived by Marx's opponents in the International, would result in "a collective dictatorship of the Alliance* members—a dictatorship without badge, without title, without official powers, and all the more powerful as it was devoid of all appearances of power." Thus, in substance the difference between Marx's and Bakunin's conception of a dictatorship was that between the open and disguised assumption of power by the victorious revolutionary party.

But, after all, this question was purely theoretical. Bakunin's main score against Marx and his following was in that he questioned the sincerity of their revolutionary professions. Bakunin's life dream was, so to speak "the social revolution in our time". Marx took a more philosophical view of the revolution. The economic upswing that had set in after the defeat of the revolution of 1848, and particularly the westward development of American capitalism following the discovery of gold in California, "sobered" his views as to an early downfall of the capitalist system. Capitalism, he began to feel, had still quite a long lease of life and all attempts to hasten its demise were bound to fail. This did not imply, however, folding one's arms until the moment for the downfall of the bourgeois system had arrived. But the struggle would have to be conducted in a peaceful manner, such as assistance to, and organization of trade unions in order to

* Bakunin's secret revolutionary organization.

win the confidence of the workers for the political aspirations of the socialists advocating the extension of democratic institutions and participation in parliamentary elections with an eye towards gradual improvements, without, of course, losing sight of the final aim. This policy found support among the skilled workers who were affiliated with the existing trade unions or potential members of the nascent trade unions of the more advanced countries. And it found favor chiefly with many malcontent middle-class intellectuals of those countries. An open, law-abiding political and trade union movement with its need for organizers, journalists, public speakers, educators, politicians—offered to those elements the prospects of a safe political career. Its rewards were still modest at the beginning, but the potentialities were great; and at any rate it was a welcome escape from the uncertainty of the existence of a lower-middle class intellectual whose specific talents could find no steady application in the service of the capitalists. . . .

No such escape for the malcontent lower-middle class intellectuals was, however, available in the economically less developed countries, as for instance Italy or Spain, not to speak of Russia, where, in addition, there was not the slightest trace of any political liberties. These countries had practically no industries to speak of, and consequently, no growing stratum of skilled workers amenable to the propaganda of socialist "gradualism" carried on by budding Marxist politicians. The workers of these countries—aside from the journeymen of the petty trades who some day hoped to become independent artisans on their own hook—were vastly "slum proletarians", unskilled and illiterate day laborers or outright paupers, unable to understand involved political verbiage, but ready to rise at any moment, for they had literally nothing to lose. And similarly hopeless was in these countries the position of a vast number of déclassé intellectuals and semi-intellectuals to whom Marx referred con-

temptuously as "a bunch of déclassés, the dregs of the bourgeoisie, . . . lawyers without clients, doctors without patients and knowledge, pool-room students, commercial travelers and other salesmen, and particularly journalists of the small press . . ." To Bakunin who saw in them the great ferment for his hoped-for revolution, they were "a class of ardent energetic youths, without position, without career, without a way out, who, in spite of their bourgeois descent . . . are throwing themselves head over heels into revolutionary socialism."

It was these "ardent youths" whom Bakunin visualized as the general staff and the officers corps of his immediate revolution. Characteristically enough, Bakunin made at that time only little headway among the déclassé intelligentsia in France, though it was as numerous there as it was in Italy and Spain. For in France these elements had found an inspired leader in the person of Auguste Blanqui with his gospel of a revolutionary dictatorship—which chiefly differed from Bakunin's gospel in that it did not attempt to camouflage its designs under a cloud of anarchist verbiage. (Sixty years of capitalist development with its wars and crises have called forth a recurrent wave of the revolutionary strivings of those "ardent youths". Though the appetites for power have remained the same, the terminology has changed and those who in the Sixties and Seventies were following the slogans of Blanquism and Bakuninism, are now enrolled either in the Fascist or in the Communist camp.)

II

The Great Duel

To bring about his revolution Bakunin did not content himself with merely propagating its idea. He was as serious about the world revolution in his lifetime, as was Lenin

more than a generation later about the revolution in Russia. So he set out actually to prepare for it in the classical way in which all revolutionists who mean what they say, prepare for the great event of their lives. He formed a secret organization which gradually developed into his "Alliance of the Socialist Democracy". The name itself shows that Bakunin's anarchist philosophy had not yet been fully worked out. It was an intricate network of secret as well as of openly functioning branches, and its chief purpose was to wrest the control of the International from the moderate elements centering around Marx. Bakunin wanted to transform it into an instrument of world revolution. Organized in a strictly hierarchical way, the Alliance by this very fact betrayed its essential kinship with the supposedly altogether different movement of the Blanquists.

Bakunin did not arrive all at once at his revolutionary conclusions. As in the previous decades when he tried to win over the middle class nationalists of the Slavic peoples inhabiting the Hapsburg Empire, so this time he hoped to win over to his point of view the respectable Liberals of the League of Peace and Freedom, a group of well-meaning middle class intellectuals who intended to form a kind of international organization, only a few shades paler than the London International. The very cool reception given to the radical proposals which Bakunin made at the Convention of the League, convinced him that he could carry out his plans only in close connection with the movement of the working masses. It was the old, old story of the rebellious intellectual whose point of departure was not the need of the horny-handed manual worker, but the grudge of his own social class against the world ruled by feudal or capitalist privilege. Marx resented the rule of the German Junker, instead of the rule of "philosophy", that is, of men like himself. The possibility of achieving his aim, he found in the class struggle of the workers, under his own leadership of course. Bakunin's

dissatisfaction with a world of obscurantism and outlived privilege, was prompted by sentiments similar to those of Marx. After many intellectual wanderings in search of an effective revolutionary lever with which to upset the old world, he eventually found his way to the working masses.

The program of Bakunin's Alliance contained many expressions which were confusing in the extreme. They gave Marx the opportunity to pour all the torrents of his contemptuous superiority upon the Russian's clumsy formulations. Bakunin had spoken of the "equalization of classes", to which Marx replied that what was to be aimed at was not the "equalization of classes", which meant nothing, but the abolition of classes. But Bakunin's term was apparently only his confused way of saying that he strove towards economic equality. Marx likewise attacked as ridiculous Bakunin's proposal for the "abolition of the right of inheritance", by proving that the nationalization of the industries and the land made such measures unnecessary. He forgot, however, that in his *Communist Manifesto* he himself had inserted this demand among the measures to be adopted immediately after the revolution. The Bakuninists explained that the proposal was meant to placate the farmers. While opposed to the nationalization of their land, the farmers would be less antagonistic to the revolution if it were declared that their own property would not be touched and that only such measures as the abolition of the right of inheritance would be applied to them. At any rate, proposals like this, presupposing the existence of a government machine and all that goes with it, show that Bakunin's ideas were still far indeed removed from what is understood today as anarchism.

Bakunin's original plan to have the "Alliance"—of course only its non-secret organization—admitted to membership in the International, was rejected by the London General Council. An international organization as a member of another international organization did indeed look quite in-

congruous. As a result, the various branches of the "Alliance" applied for individual membership. This could not possibly be refused. For the International was not at that time an organization with a definite program, such as is at present the Second (Socialist) International, or the Third (Communist) International. It admitted all kinds of organizations which, however hazily, declared themselves in favor of the cause of the working class.

It soon turned out that Bakunin's influence was growing with an almost incredible rapidity. Italy, where he had laid the foundations of the socialist movement, was with him; and so was Spain, where some of Bakunin's Italian friends did the work of organization—even though Marx, in a letter to Engels, wrote scornfully that in Spain "there were more priests than workers". There was a numerous following in the French-speaking part of Switzerland, though the conditions there were quite different from those in Italy and Spain, and Bakunin's success could be explained only by peculiar divisions existing at that time within the working class of that part of Switzerland. Some Proudhonists in France and Belgium likewise began to gravitate towards the new leader. The followers of Proudhon—mostly skilled workers of the luxury industries who hoped to become independent producers themselves—believed in the panacea of a "people's exchange bank" which would render possible the elimination of capitalism without any revolutionary struggle either for political rights or for higher wages. By the end of the sixties a wave of strikes started spontaneously by the working masses contributed its share towards changing the outlook of those law-abiding anarchists of Proudhon's school and in bringing some of them around to Bakunin. In the aforementioned letter to Engels, Marx poked fun at the claim of his opponents to the effect that they represented the more revolutionary wing within the socialist movement, and that the whole conflict was, as he

put it jocularly, "a split between the vulcanic and Plutonic labor movement on the one hand, and the *aqueous* [English in the German original] on the other". But the sneer could not do away with the fact that this was actually the case—and that Marx apparently felt it himself.

Marx saw his rule in the International threatened. The idea that Bakunin's influence might eventually outweigh his, haunted him continuously. In a letter to Engels, he wrote: "This Russian apparently wants to become the dictator of the European labor movement. Let him take care. Otherwise he will be officially excommunicated." (*Marx-Engels Correspondence*, Vol. IV, p. 213.) And a few months later, in referring to Bakunin's "anarchist collectivism", he sneers: ". . . at any rate, the anarchy is in his head in which only one clear idea can find place, viz., that Bakunin must play the first fiddle". (Such sinful thoughts apparently never entered Marx's head.) And again, in another letter: "If this damned Russian actually thinks he can get to the top of the labor movement by his intrigues, it is time to show him what is what and to put the question whether a Panslavist can even be a member of an international workers' organization. This fellow can be dealt with quite easily. Let him not imagine that he can present himself as a cosmopolitan communist to the workers and as an ultra-national Panslavist to the Russians. A few hints to Borkheim . . . would be quite appropriate. Borkheim will easily understand a hint. . . ."

Marx would not soil his hands with petty newspaper attacks, but he was willing to have Engels give a hint to Borkheim—a successful German-Jewish business man living in London, whose ambition lay in the achievement of journalistic fame on the offal of Marx's wisdom. Marx usually referred to him half-contemptuously as "Gaudissart", the would-be witty commercial traveler of Balzac's well-known story. But he never called him a "Jew", as he usually did with other Jewish intellectuals whom he disliked. Borkheim

was devoted; he could be generous, and his pen could be used occasionally for scavenging purposes. . . . He was now collecting material about Bakunin's past, in order to "get" the Russian giant. And so was another admirer of Marx's, a certain Utin, a very rich Russian-Jewish emigrant, whose "dossier" about Bakunin was later to serve Marx for the political and civic assassination of Bakunin. In this he actually succeeded, even though, as admirers of Marx themselves must now admit, all of Utin's stories were a maze of vile slander, while Utin himself, shortly after his great feat, obtained the Tsar's pardon and returned to Russia to live thenceforth as a prosperous business man. . . .

(In this connection, it is hard to resist the temptation of quoting a letter of Engels to Marx in which he ridiculed Bakunin's idea of importing to Western Europe—to use Engels's words—"forty thousand more or less educated, ambitious, hungry Russian Nihilists; all of them would-be officers without an army which we would have to supply them with; a fine presumption, that the European proletariat should achieve its unity under Russian command! Nevertheless, much as Bakunin exaggerates, it is obvious that this danger actually exists. Holy Russia is going to vomit every year a number of these Russians 'without a career',* and under the pretext of the principle of internationalism they will try everywhere to gain influence among the workers, to insinuate themselves into positions of leadership," etc. Thus, long before the "Red Trade Menace", the Russian "dumping" of all sorts of emigrants had endangered not only the German monopoly in the New York suit-and-cloak trade, but also the vested interest of the German intellectuals in the leadership of the manual workers. . . .)

* In one of his henceforth historical utterances about the revolutionary déclassé intellectuals in Italy, Bakunin had referred to them enthusiastically as a "class of ardent, energetic youths, without position, *without career*, without a way out. . . ."

Borkheim and Utin were not the only ones of the pack of slanderers let loose upon Bakunin. One of the worst of them was Wilhelm Liebknecht, leader of the German Marxists and unworthy father of one of the purest figures in the revolutionary history of the world. In 1869, at the time when Bakunin's star was continuously in the ascendancy, he began to spread the old slander of the Russian's connection with the police. So did Bebel, later the great boss of the German Socialist Party, in a private letter to a prominent Swiss member of the International. But Liebknecht's method was too raw, and a court of honor expressed its unflattering opinion of his political ethics. Bakunin was good-natured enough to shake the proferred hand and to light a cigarette with the written decision of the court. Sure enough, immediately afterwards Liebknecht resumed the same campaign in his newspaper. But as an editor-in-chief of the Berlin *Vorwärts*, central organ of the German Social-Democratic Party, he was always indignant at the mendacity of the bourgeois press. . . .

Aside from Liebknecht and Bebel, most of Bakunin's slanderers were Jews. As a result, Bakunin was provoked into some sweeping anti-Semitic generalizations, from which he exempted only—Marx and Lassalle. For Marx was still an enormous power in the International, and Bakunin, in his struggle for influence within the organization was cautious not to alienate its membership by a frontal personal attack against his great rival. Moreover, with all his bitterness, he had a genuine, almost humble, admiration for Marx's profound scholarship and great achievements in matters of social theory. In a letter which he wrote to Marx in 1868, he had said: "You see, dear friend, that I am proud to be your disciple." That admiration, however, never extended to Marx's personal character. In 1871 he spoke as follows of the first meeting he had had with Marx in Paris, in 1844: "I greedily sought conversation with him, which was

always instructive and full of ideas, when it was not prompted by malicious hatred, which was quite often the case. But there never was any frank intimacy between us. Our temperaments did not permit it. He called me a sentimental idealist, and he was right. I called him vain, perfidious and treacherous, and I was right too."

III

An Inglorious Victory

The struggle was coming to a head. The journalistic sniping at Bakunin's honor was of no effect. His influence was growing and there was an actual possibility of his carrying the whole organization with him. The bitterness engendered by the bloody suppression of the Paris Commune created a propitious ground. The militant elements were more disposed to listen to the words of a hero and martyr than to those of a bookworm who had never been in prison or fought on the barricades. For the emotional approach is always stronger than that of cool reasoning—especially with malcontents and rebels against existing wrongs. True, there was one fact in Bakunin's life which at that time might have sufficed to destroy his influence and to bring about his utter discomfiture. But it was not known then, except to a very few of his most intimate Russian disciples. It became known after the Russian Revolution of 1917, when all the archives were subjected to a thorough scrutiny. In 1851, after two years in chains and continuous expectation of the torturer's rack or the firing squad, he had written a "Confession" upon the demand of Tsar Nicholas I. That "confession" was a long-winded spiritual self-castigation of the dimensions of a sizable book. It mentioned no names, and betrayed nothing except a momentary breakdown of Bakunin's "morale". It did not contribute to mitigate his fate, as he had hoped. The

tone of the "Confession" was humble and repentant—a depressing performance—even though its obsequiousness was hardly anything but a piece of subtle irony. More than eighty years have passed since Bakunin used that Machiavellian subterfuge in the hope of being sent to Siberia whence he expected to flee. The mellowing effect of time has induced even the most orthodox followers of Marx to grant Bakunin an honorable place in history as the great pioneer of revolutionary Russia. As a result, a cloak of philosophic understanding is now spread upon that blot on the escutcheon of the great rebel.

The first great shot which Marx himself fired in his violent campaign against Bakunin was the so-called *Confidential Communication* addressed to the leading German socialists. Arguments referring to tactical and doctrinal points of controversy alternated with personal attacks. The mildest of these was the charge that Bakunin wanted to convert the International into a private tool for his own dictatorship. They culminated in the accusation that after the death of Alexander Herzen, a famous Russian Liberal who lived abroad, Bakunin had used unworthy methods to get possession of Herzen's inheritance. "Herzen," Marx wrote, "though personally rich, had been receiving 25,000 francs annually for propaganda from the pseudo-socialist Panslavist party in Russia."

Reduced to their proper proportions the facts were these: The "pseudo-socialist Panslavist party in Russia" was pure imagination. The "annual pension of 25,000 francs" consisted of the modest lump sum of 20,000 francs which a Russian radical student many years before had left with Herzen for the revolutionary cause. A year *prior* to Herzen's death part of that money was given by his friend Ogarev *not* to Bakunin, but to his follower Nechayev, a picturesque mixture of fanatic, monster, and saint. These facts have now

been established by such good Marxist historians as Franz Mehring, in his Marx biography, and Y. Steklov, in the third volume of his great work on Bakunin published by the Soviet State Publishing House. Not unlike certain powers which are ready to accept as genuine any anti-Soviet forgery, Marx uncritically swallowed all the most preposterous canards served him by the contemptible Utin.

The second shot fired by Marx in his struggle to keep the International in his hands, was a conference called in London, which took place in the Fall of 1871. That meeting decided to confer greater powers upon the General Council. Its purpose was to prepare the ground for the forthcoming expulsion of Bakunin's following. The official Marxist historian of the International, Gustav Jaeckh, put it this way: "In order to counteract all disorganizing tendencies, Marx deemed it necessary to give the organization a strictly centralist character, to mark out exactly the functions of the General Council, of the federal council and of the branches, and to give to the General Council still more extensive powers against recalcitrant organizations than those granted it at the Convention of Basel (1869)—at that time at the demand of Bakunin and his henchmen." By demanding all these powers for the destruction of his opponents, Marx actually went only one step further than Bakunin who had naively paved the way for Marx two years before. At that time, Bakunin expected to win control over the International in the very near future. As a result, he disregarded his own anti-authoritarian, anarchist principles, and advocated the conferring of full powers upon the General Council. With those full powers he hoped himself to do that expelling of dissenters which Marx was to carry out more effectively three years later. The Bakuninist branches subsequently began a campaign in favor of abolishing the General Council and in favor of full autonomy for the branches. It was the old, old story of whose ox was gored. . . .

No sooner did the General Council begin to wield its strengthened authority for the purpose of refusing admission to societies whose political conformity was doubtful, than its opponents began to speak sneeringly of "German and Bismarckian brains" imposing their policy upon the International. As if prompted by a consciousness of guilt, Marx wrote a letter to one of his followers in the United States in which he explained that the gibe "refers to the unpardonable fact that I am a German by origin and am actually exerting a decisive intellectual influence upon the General Council. By the way: the German element in the General Council is two-thirds weaker than the English, and likewise weaker than the French. Thus the sin lies in the fact that the British and French elements are theoretically dominated by the German element, and find this domination, that is, German science, very useful and even indispensable." Marx's "inferiority complex", by which his biographer Otto Ruehle (a non-party Communist) tries to explain a multiplicity of his Master's sins, could apparently find its compensation not only in the lust to dominate, but also in a naive vanity in which he could outdo Lassalle himself. . . .

Then came the third step. It was a pamphlet written early in 1872, a year after his *Civil War in France*. Its title was *The Alleged Split Within the International*. Aside from his famous letter on the Gotha Program written in 1875 for internal consumption, and published only many years after his death—that pamphlet was the last political utterance of the great Teacher to see the light of day during his lifetime. It was a dismal anti-climax. After the *Eighteenth Brumaire* and the *Civil War in France*, it almost reads like Shaw's *Applecart* after *Saint Joan*. Even the Russian Marxists who, more than their fellow worshippers in any other country, have made a religious cult of every written or spoken word of the Master seem to have so far balked at the translation and publication of that document. Its Russian translation

will apparently be published in full only in the complete edition of Marx's works.

It looked as if Marx, now aged fifty-four (1872) had begun to slip back, to revert to type. Franz Mehring, famous socialist historian and conscientious biographer of Marx, sadly points out that the anarchists almost sound convincing when they say that the main idea of the pamphlet was in thorough contradiction to the materialist conception of history which is generally considered as Marx's great philosophical achievement. The anarchists who are usually not quite at par in theoretical discussions with the Marxists, hit the mark on this point. For the chief idea of the *Alleged Split Within the International* was in line with that antediluvian philosophy according to which the two bad men, Voltaire and Rousseau, were the chief and only causes of the French Revolution. Marx analyzed the situation within the International, the conflict between the tendencies of those of its branches that followed the General Council of London, that is, Marx, and those which opposed it, and came to a very simple conclusion. It was all the fault of the machinations, the intrigues, the dictatorial ambitions of one single individual—Michael Bakunin. A Marx-school tyro of three months' standing could have told him that with all his machinations and infernal ambitions, Bakunin would have had no success if the specific conditions prevailing in the countries concerned had not constituted the economic basis for Bakunin's revolutionary plans and programs. But the Teacher was unwilling to place himself on that plane. This would have led him astray from the main theoretical argument that he produced against Bakunin, to the effect that some of his demands, like the "abolition of the right of inheritance" were altogether opportunist. To attack one's *left-wing* opponent as an "opportunist", "counter-revolutionary" or "reactionary" has ever since become a hardy perennial in the factional struggles of the radical parties.

Moreover, Marx apparently did not believe in, nor did he care for the revolutionary potentialities of those economically backward countries of Bakunin's choice, such as Italy, Spain or Russia. The rebellious enthusiasm of their "ardent energetic youth" left him indifferent. He was chiefly interested in the more advanced countries, for which he anticipated a gradual development in the direction of more democracy, culminating in the peaceful elimination of private capitalism by government ownership. In short, he was gradually developing into a perfectly respectable present-day style socialist, of the Sidney Webb or Norman Thomas type—with occasional revolutionary phrases anent the distant future and a law-abiding practice for the present. The idea of "buying off the whole gang" (i.e. of compensating the capitalists) which he repeatedly expressed to his friend Engels (Engels in *Neue Zeit* 1894-95 p. 305) had no doubt taken its inception in those years. But he had the sound instinct not to blurt out these things. He preferred to deal in petty squabbles, in easy theoretical triumphs over the heroic but not always consistent Russian firebrand, and in unworthy personalities. He dwelled particularly upon the fact that two of Bakunin's prominent followers in France had turned out to be Bonapartist agents—when at that very moment two of his own prominent followers were in the same boat. And he stressed the point that Bakunin's activity was helping the international police—for half a century the stock argument of the socialist parties against the anarchists and since the Russian Revolution against the Communists as well.

The last paragraph of the pamphlet dealt with the question of Anarchy, as propagated by Bakunin. "Anarchy," Marx wrote, "is the hobby of their teacher Bakunin, who has borrowed only the labels from the socialist systems. All socialists understand by Anarchy the following thing: As soon as the abolition of classes, the aim of the proletarian movement, is attained, there will follow the disappearance

of State power which serves to maintain the large producing majority under the yoke of a small minority of exploiters, and the functions of government will simply become functions of management. The 'Alliance' [Bakunin's organization] turns everything upside down. It preaches anarchy in the ranks of the proletariat as the surest means of breaking the social and political forces concentrated in the hands of the exploiters. Under this pretext the 'Alliance' wants the International to substitute anarchy for its organization at the moment when the old world is trying to crush it. This is what the international police is out for". . . .

Side by side with one of his classical definitions of the role of the State, Marx gave a somewhat disingenuous presentation of the actual purport of Bakunin's activities. The "anarchy" within the organization referred to the proposal of the Bakuninists to abolish the General Council and to grant full autonomy to the various sections. But Marx could not help being aware of the fact that this proposal was only a tactical measure for strengthening the hold of the strictly centralized, and even "authoritarian" secret organization (the "Alliance") conducted by Bakunin himself. For in his letters to Engels he attacked Bakunin not for his desire to bring about "anarchy" in the International, but for the very opposite—his ambition to become the dictator of the international revolutionary movement.

Moreover, at the time when Marx attacked Bakunin for his disorganizing activities, he and Engels had already made up their minds to put an end to the International altogether. A convention of the International was called at the Hague for September of the same year (1872). That was to be the last and definite stand against the forces of "Anarchy". About six weeks before the Convention was to assemble, Marx wrote a letter to his friend Kugelmann in Germany saying: "At the international convention there is to be decided the question of life or death of the International, and

before I leave it, I want to protect it at least against the disintegrating elements. Therefore Germany must have as many representatives as possible. As you are going to come after all, do write to Hepner that I am asking him to arrange for you a mandate as a delegate." A similar letter was written by Marx to his personal friend Sorge in the United States, asking him to arrange for eleven mandates for his followers. In other words, Marx was making his preparations to "pack" the convention, to expel his opponents, and after that to close up shop altogether.

(In this respect, it is not amiss to mention a detail reported in a newspaper nearly a quarter of a century ago by the Swiss Anarcho-Socialist (now Communist) Fritz Brupbacher, an admirer of Marx's intellect and Bakunin's personality and author of *Marx und Bakunin*. In one of his personal conversations with Fritz Adler—now the secretary of the Second (Socialist) International—Brupbacher had mentioned the fact that Marx had come by his majority at The Hague convention by very shady methods. To which the young enthusiast gave the unanswerable reply: "Well, wasn't it useful?" Fritz Adler—he is the son of Victor Adler, founder of the Austrian socialist movement—is one of the most idealistic representatives of the old time Marxian movement. In 1916, during the war, as a protest against his own father's social-patriotic, or rather social-imperialist attitude, he shot and killed the Austrian Premier, Count Stürgkh and barely escaped the gallows. Yet the primeval urge to win at any price in a struggle for power, made even him quite light-heartedly adopt that cynical philosophy of Machiavellism and Jesuitism which is concerned only with practical results).

The Hague Convention worked according to schedule. It was the first and only assembly of the International in which Marx participated in person. He was taking no chances. He had a safe majority of 40 against 25. The opposition might

have been larger had the Italians not decided to boycott the convention altogether. One of the first resolutions adopted dealt with the necessity for the working class to form political parties with the conquest of political power as their chief objective. Thus the International adopted that point of view which was henceforth to be the basic tenet of socialist (and later communist) parties the world over. The last resolution dealt with the opposition within the International. Bakunin and his chief associate, James Guillaume, were expelled as founders of or participants in the secret "Alliance" whose by-laws went right in the teeth of those of the International. The expulsion of Bakunin was, moreover, motivated by the fact that "he has used fraudulent means for seizing the whole or part of the property of another person, an action which in fact amounts to swindling. In order to dodge the fulfilment of their obligations, he or his agents resorted to intimidation".

By having Bakunin expelled as a common criminal, Marx overreached himself. Even the most fanatical admirers of the Teacher confront a situation here on which it is too painful for them to dwell. For the non-gentleman in this case was not the man whose civic honor was thus wiped out. The "fraud" in question was the non-repayment of an advance of 300 rubles which Bakunin had received from a Petersburg publisher for translating Marx's *Kapital*. Under the pressure of a fanatical follower—his name was Sergius Nechayev—Bakunin had given up the dreary translation work in order to devote all his time to the nascent revolutionary movement in Russia. Nechayev, personally disinterested, but as incredibly ruthless in the choice of means to serve the cause as was Cesare Borgia for his personal aggrandizement—promised to take care of the publisher. Bakunin, fascinated by the young "tiger" as only a tired old man can be by the sight of a reckless young man of action, took it for granted that somehow Nechayev would get the

money to settle the matter. The "tiger", however, without consulting Bakunin—he never did and often double-crossed him until the old man broke with him completely—simply sent a "black hand" letter to the representative of the Russian publisher, enjoining him to drop his claims. The man to whom the epistle was sent in the name of a non-existing revolutionary committee, wrote a letter to Marx, expressly stating that "Bakunin's participation in that blackmailing venture was by no means certain; for it might be possible that the letter was sent by Nechayev without Bakunin having any part at all in the matter." But Marx simply disregarded this reservation of the directly concerned party.

By disgracing his rival before the opinion of the world, Marx did not get very far with the revolutionary youth of Russia. In the eyes of the thousands of students who were then on the threshold of their great campaign of "going among the people", Bakunin's accuser had only hurt his own reputation without dimming in any way the halo surrounding his enemy.

Marx's moral indignation at Bakunin's financial ethics was full of unconscious humor. His own methods of obtaining money, when it was very urgently needed, had not always been strict and rigorous. His personal letters to Engels offer ample evidence to that effect. The first version of the Marx-Engels correspondence, edited by Eduard Bernstein and Franz Mehring in behalf of the German Socialist party (1913) is by no means complete. The editors of the Moscow Marx-Engels Institute who published the unabridged edition were rightly of the opinion that Marx was great enough to stand up even under the weight of the sometimes quite unsavory monetary squabbles with his friends and relatives. But in 1872 Marx had forgotten his early heartbreaking struggles. At that time he was no longer the continuously harassed déclassé, preoccupied just as much with the problem of unpaid butcher bills as with the intricacies of the eco-

nomic structure of capitalism. His friend Engels was a rich man at that time and could afford to secure for Marx all the comforts of an upper middle class family. Marx's famous, well-nigh liturgical saying about man's social existence determining his consciousness, seems to have applied most disconcertingly to the Teacher himself, and from the height of his bourgeois respectability he condemned what he thought to be the objectionable methods of his less fortunate rival.

IV

An American Burial

The expulsion of Bakunin was the finishing touch, but not the crowning performance of the convention. It was preceded by another resolution proposed by Engels which caught the delegates quite unprepared and was carried only due to the personal authority enjoyed by Marx among the majority of the delegates. That resolution demanded the transfer of the seat of the General Council of the International from London to New York. It was accepted by a narrow margin, with 26 for and 23 against, while 9 delegates abstained from voting. That was the end of the International.

A removal to America was hardly anything but a camouflaged burial of the organization. The General Council in New York continued to exist for a while; but it was quite apparent that it could maintain no effective contact with the main body of the international socialist movement as represented by the various European countries. It soon passed out of existence, survived for a few years by the autonomous organizations which drew their inspiration from Bakunin.

The flight across the ocean was taken by the still affiliated organizations for what it actually was: a voluntary, tacit abandonment of the struggle. When a year later, in Septem-

ber 1873, another convention of the International was called in Geneva, there were no delegates except for a few local "extras". The affair was a dismal fiasco.

Marx and Engels blamed the end of the once imposing organization upon the disruptive activities of Bakunin and his followers. This is still the usual explanation given by the followers of the Teacher. The real reason, however, was betrayed quite naively by Engels himself, in an article written for a German propaganda calendar in 1878. There he said that "the fall of the Paris Commune made the position of the International untenable. . . . The events which raised it to the position of a seventh great power, made the mobilization of its fighting forces and their use in the field out of the question—for defeat would have been inevitable, and thereby the working class movement would have been checked for decades. Furthermore, the suddenly acquired fame of the Association [International] had attracted to it elements spurred on by personal vanity, and individuals eager to turn it to account for the gratification of their own ambition, ignorant or regardless of the real position of the International. *Heroic measures* were needed, and once more it was Marx who conceived them and carried them into effect at the Hague Convention. The International . . . disclaimed all responsibility for the doings of the Bakuninists, who were the most active among the aforementioned foolish and unsavory elements. Then, in view of the impracticability (under the shadow of the general reaction) of coping with the increased demands now being made upon the International, and of continuing actively at work except at the cost of sacrifices which would have drained the labor movement of its life blood, it was agreed that the organization should temporarily withdraw from the stage, the seat of the General Council being transferred to the United States. This decision has often been criticized, but events have shown that

it was sound. . . . The step put an end to the endeavors to make the International responsible for futile insurrections." And at the International Socialist Convention held in Zurich, fifteen years later (1893), Engels declared in his closing speech, according to *Reflections and Reminiscences* of his friend Belfort Bax, that both Marx and himself "felt (in 1872) the situation to be becoming on the Continent too dangerous for the old organization to be maintained". The followers of Auguste Blanqui and of Michael Bakunin were more than mildly amused to see the term "heroic measures" applied to an escape from a "too dangerous situation". Lacking in "dialectical" training, they simply thought of cold feet. . . .

It was of course not merely that Marx and Engels, now prosperous and happily reunited in London, had ceased to believe in the cause of the revolution. But the revolution did not seem to them any longer an immediate, imperative necessity. From the height of their fatalistic economic determinism, or as they called it "materialist conception of history" —and also under the softening influence of their bourgeois well-being—they looked contemptuously upon the desperate attempts to prepare for, and to precipitate revolutionary uprisings. In their opinion revolutions were not made, but they simply happened—usually as the result of a war. As a sequel to one of such wars they expected to see eventually the establishment of democratic institutions on the European continent, and perhaps even a dictatorship of their own party —which would enable it gradually to introduce a system of government ownership. But they were not in a hurry, and neither expected nor wished any revolutions in democratic countries, such as England, Holland, or the United States (Marx's speech at the conclusion of the Hague Convention, 1872, referred to by the Marxist historian Mehring). In these countries, they thought, the most appropriate method

would be to "buy off" the capitalists—and to introduce a system of planned economy in as mild a manner as was ever to be dreamed of by the latter-day ultra-respectable British Fabians, and the American pink socialists.

Moreover, their activities for the International had become a drag upon their time which they preferred to devote to their literary and scientific pursuits. "After the Hague Convention" Engels wrote in his aforementioned article, "Marx was at last able to find repose and leisure for the resumption of his studies in the theoretical field, and there is good reason to hope that ere long the second volume of *Kapital* will be ready for the press." He had expressed the same idea a few months prior to the Convention in a letter to Liebknecht: "I and Marx won't enter it (the General Council) again; as the matter stands now, we have no time to work, and that must stop."

Another reason was also valid. Even after the followers of Bakunin were disposed of, other potential enemies were left in the International. These were the Blanquists, who could not possibly be expelled. They were in favor of political action and the conquest of power, just as much as Marx. But like their then still living Master, who was in prison as he had almost always been during most of the last forty years—they were very serious about what they said, and they were ready to revolt at any time. They were hungry déclassés, and the pie-in-the-sky of a revolution that might come as the automatic sequel to a war that might not come so soon, failed to give them much comfort. These Blanquists had joined the International after the breakdown of the Commune and there were numbers of them in London. They were very active and energetic—just like their Bolshevik counterparts a generation later—and the General Council of the International might easily have fallen into their hands. And that, from the point of view of Marx and Engels, was

just as bad as if it were to fall into the hands of the Bakuninists. Candid Marxist historians, like Mehring, are quite frank in the admission that the apprehension lest the Blanquists seize power in the International, was the main reason for Marx's determination to bury the organization in New York, out of reach of these irreconcilable elements.

Moreover, things were not running smoothly in the General Council. Ever since Engels retired from his business in Manchester and settled in London, he had bossed the show in a way which alienated even the oldest and most devoted friends of Marx. The Teacher's "angel" had the delightful habit of talking to the "comrades" in the abrupt way a German manufacturer of olden days talked to his "hands", or if you will, a Prussian officer orders about his privates. . . .

The Blanquists were furious because of their thwarted hopes to capture the General Council. Nor were the British members of the Council greatly flattered by Marx's remark at The Hague that "it is an honor rather than the opposite not to be a British labor leader, because the majority of them are sold to the Liberals". With all this added up, it can easily be surmised that after the Convention of 1872, as twenty-two years earlier, after the split in the Communist League in London, the two friends were again in a position of splendid isolation.

The last performance of the International was the publication of a long pamphlet entitled *The Alliance of the Socialist Democracy and the International Workingmen's Association.* It repeated and greatly expanded upon all the former charges—political and personal—against Bakunin and his following. Its authors were Engels and Marx's son-in-law, Lafargue. But it was written with Marx's approval and blessings. A most scurrilous collection of fantastic cock-and-bull stories, it has been for decades the rarely mentioned family skeleton of Marxian literature. And it was left to

the German Socialist Party to republish it a few years ago in order to confound their Marxist step-brethren of the Communist Party—by likening their methods to those of Bakunin.

V

Reconciliation Beyond the Grave

Marx's isolation after the breakdown of the International was only apparent. The seeds he had been sowing for nearly a generation were beginning to take root. It was a slow growth, but it could no longer be checked. His philosophical and economic theories were still generally unknown or misunderstood even by his closest followers. But the idea of a political party based upon a working class following and using all constitutional possibilities in its struggle against feudal and private capitalist privilege, was gaining momentum on the European Continent.

True, he still had no following in England. The trade union leaders found it more comfortable to jump on the Liberal bandwagon. The British middle classes were wise enough to remove all the still existing obstacles to the development of the trade unions, and to give ample scope to the political ambitions of their leaders. These did not have to contend with any competition on the part of the dissatisfied déclassé scions of the educated middle classes. The latter were taken care of by the commercial and industrial expansion which had begun in the middle of the century. So the workers followed their trade union leadership.

In France and in the other Latin countries, however, Blanquism and Bakuninism were slowly losing their hold. There too a developing industrialism was gradually raising a vast stratum of skilled industrial workers. It was absorbing into

its service most of the déclassé, desperate elements from the educated middle class youth—the "dregs of the bourgeoisie", as Marx and Engels—now prosperous and respectable—called them during their struggle against Bakunin. The possibilities of a political career, German style, were opening up to them. Imperceptibly, most of the once fiery Bakuninists were beginning to imbibe Marx's Sancho Panza wisdom of revolutionary words for the future and peaceful deeds for the present. Their ranks included such famous figures as Andrea Costa, and to a certain extent Carlo Cafiero in Italy, Guesde and Brousse in France, Plekhanov and Axelrod in Russia. All these former admirers at the shrine of the great Russian were gradually to become founders of parties drawing their inspiration from Marx and sometimes even outdoing him in opportunism. These "down-and-out* bourgeois"—as Engels in his inimitable manner had dubbed them a few years earlier—were highly welcome now. Psychologically, this transition was easy. A cooled-off Blanquist automatically becomes a socialist politician—as was to be the case with the famous Blanquist Vaillant. And so does a tired anarchist, once he begins to reason (as Eduard Bernstein records in one definite case) "that an immediate change from a capitalist bourgeois society to an Anarchist-Communist society was not to be thought of, and that the period of transformation would probably last for some generations; it was not a very long step from this conception to agreement with the basic ideas of Social Democracy". All this aside from the fact that, at bottom, without most anarchists being conscious of it, the Bakuninist conception of "no government" immediately after the revolution, was only another formula for a dictatorship, Blanquist or Leninist style, without the name and the specific verbiage. Once he began to lose hope in an immediate revolution—and the economic upswing, bringing with it his own

* Engels used the word "verkommen" which has no exact equivalent in English. It has the connotation of depraved, dilapidated, gone-to-the-dogs.

economic improvement, contributed to that—a Bakuninist had one of two choices. He could turn practical "proletarian" politician, with or without Marx's philosophy. Or he could become an impracticable dreamer of Kropotkin's latter-day "communist anarchism". In the second case, his hopes would be centered upon a revolution a few hundred years hence. In the meantime, he would preach the beauties of human brotherhood and educate his children in the new faith—by founding "modern schools" and similar "revolutionary" undertakings much closer to the spirit of Gandhi than to that of Bakunin.

It is characteristic that at present, with the return of the revolutionary wave caused by the crisis and the events following the Spanish revolution, Bakunin's anarchism, if it may be called so, has risen from its grave. Some groups of anarchists are now coming out openly—either in their theoretical utterances or in their actions—in favor of an *anarchist dictatorship*, paradoxical as this may sound. And so also have some of the more revolutionary syndicalists who are to a certain extent the successors to many of the ideas propounded in the Bakuninist branches of the old International. Thus one of their most brilliant representatives, Pierre Monatte in Paris, confronted by the revolution in Spain, has come out openly in favor of a dictatorship by the trade unions. In the one case as in the other, it is simply a coming around to the Bolshevik dictatorship, only under the name of anarchism or syndicalism. The difference consists merely in the fact that, according to the new revelation, all the power is to fall into the hands of revolutionary intellectuals and semi-intellectuals other than those connected with the Communist Party. It is to be concentrated either in the hands of anarchist preachers of the gospel according to Bakunin and Kropotkin; or in the hands of the self-taught ex-workers in charge of the trade unions, as the syndicalist version would have it.

All of which, in the last analysis, would only be camouflaged ways of introducing state capitalism, Russian style.

Thus, to a certain extent Marx and Bakunin—more than half a century after their deaths—have come around to each other. The Communists, the most fiery communicants of the London sage, use his name for a gospel of immediate revolution opposed by Marx but preached by his rival. The most revolutionary disciples of the latter are openly dropping their aversion for the idea of conquering power, though they still persist in calling themselves anarchists. But in substance the triumph was Bakunin's, for the idea of a revolution against a democratic regime, such as Kerensky's, was not in the pattern worked out by the Marx of later years and his immediate following.

MAX NOMAD

OSSINING: NEW YORK: 1932 WALKER EVANS

SECOND AVENUE LUNCH: 1933 WALKER EVANS

WALLABOUT MARKET: 1933 WALKER EVANS

MUSIC AT MIDNIGHT

TIME does not come among us any more
to press its bootless urgencies upon us.
Time has become an unremembered thing
that no one saw when it was here; but now—
in this so quiet unblinking now—I think
time must have been a hardness and a brightness,
something that could be touched as it went by
and looked at for its colour. I have thoughts
that glisten like volcanic memories
of blinding colour and unbitten hardness.

And even these will be forgotten.
That
you hear now is a little Lenten music,
something to see and try to listen for,
rising in fragments up the stagnant midnight.
Do you remember how a meagre death
detached itself and came into the room
the other night and stood there facing us?
—But no. I saw your eyes too quick and harried
to see a shadow of that shrunken width,
your smile too nervous for that night's dark music.

Only your eyes will tell you anything.

Ah there are many deaths to watch for, many
to welcome when the hour is always midnight:
a death for every life that there has been.

CLIFTON CUTHBERT

LOVE STORY

THERE are two roads that lead from Potterville to Mason Green. One is the state highway of hard-packed yellow dirt and the other is hardly any road at all. At its beginning it is merely two wheel ruts that swing off the main road into tall grass. It goes uphill about a mile and breaks out finally into uneven, rocky ground that makes hard going for horses. Hardly anyone uses it, though it cuts a wide corner from the highway.

To reach Fessenden's place, a man has to go up this back road a mile and a half and then turn to the right on a footpath that winds through maple trees up a slope. The path comes out at the bottom of the potato patch. At this time of year the potatoes were high and in bloom and above them on the slope the sprawling leaves of the squash vines were lighter green.

The house is on the crest of the slope. It is a red frame house with two stories and a gabled roof. The paint peels off like sunburned skin showing grey clapboards. The barn is beside it, facing the porch, with a yard between bare as a parade ground and packed hard. The ground all around the house had been skinned of grass by the poultry.

Ma Fessenden and Gracie were sitting on the porch with a dishpan full of peas they were shelling; and Charles was in the lower corner of the potato patch when the two men came out of the woods. They had not come up the path but straight through the woods from the highway and the sight of the garden and the house surprised them. They did not see Charles in the other corner of the garden. They stood side by side, looking up at the women on the porch. They

had no coats or hats. The tall thin one wore a khaki shirt and tattered black trousers. The other man had on overalls and a torn white shirt. He was squat and broad-shouldered and his left arm was wrapped in rags. Ma Fessenden saw them first and she stood up and called in a shrill voice:

"Hello, there!"

"Hello, yourself," said the short man.

Charles straightened up quickly and looked at the men. He made his way toward them between potato rows, carrying his hoe. They heard him coming and both turned and stared. They had hard faces and seemed to be smiling inside themselves.

"Don't you sass that woman," Charles said.

"Well, well," said the short man. "Here's a hard guy. A real hard guy."

He turned and smiled at his companion.

"Can it," the tall man said to him. He came forward a step or two to meet Charles.

"No harm intended," he said. "We don't want to sass anybody. My partner's had an accident."

"What ails him?" said Charles.

"Rat bite," said the short man.

"Shut up, funny guy," said the other. He turned back to Charles, his brows knit. "He's got a bad cut on his arm. If we could get some hot water . . ."

"Reckon you can," said Charles. "Come on up."

He led the way up to the house. Gracie and Ma stood up and watched them coming. Ma was a little scared because she could see the men were not from these parts. Something in the careless way they carried themselves and looked all around made them different.

"What they after, Charles?" she said.

"Feller's hurt," said Charles. "Gracie you get some hot water."

Gracie got up quickly and went into the kitchen. She

poured hot water from the tea kettle into a basin and smiled at the two men as they came in. This little excitement made her glad. The short man said, "Thanks, kid," and started unwinding the rags that were tied around his arm. There were a lot of them; and the inner ones were dark with dried blood. The tall man took a towel from Ma and handed it to the other. The wound was long and clotted. The man patted it with the hot towel and then washed up and down its whole length. Charles and Ma stood back a little, not because they were afraid of the blood, but because the men, close up, looked grim and strange. They were out of place here, in a farm kitchen. When they spoke, their words were clipped and flat.

Gracie stood close to them and watched with wide eyes.

"That's a mean cut," she said.

Both men glanced quickly at her without speaking. The tall man looked younger than the other. His face was good looking, though pinched and hard. The other man had a bunchy scar on his upper lip that twisted his mouth. He breathed between his teeth as he washed the cut. Gracie brought him clean strips of cloth for bandage and he tied them tight.

"Okay," said the short man when he was finished. He started for the door.

"Like a lunch?" said Gracie to the tall one. She didn't want them to go yet.

"That's a swell idea," said the man. "Break it out."

The other man turned partly back and looked sideways at his companion, his mouth curling a little.

"Take your time, Mike," he said. "Take your time. We got lots of time. We got all the time in the world."

Mike did not even look at him. He was smiling at Gracie.

"Sure we got lots of time," he said. "I like it here."

Ma drew in her breath sharply.

"Nobody eats here," she said through her teeth, "without they work for it. We don't aim to feed no tramps."

"Ma!" said Charles.

"Take it easy, Mandy," said Mike. "So far this is your lucky day."

"Screw around," said the little man. "Screw around. Here's where I curve."

"Okay, Mushy," said Mike.

Mushy went out the door. He jumped down from the porch and headed down across the garden. Charles watched him through the window. Mike turned back to Gracie.

"Where's that lunch, sweetheart," he said.

Gracie turned red. She hadn't heard anything like that since she had been a little girl in the State Home. It made her heart stutter. She started for the cupboard but Ma headed her off with two quick strides, holding her wrists and glaring at Mike.

"Git out!" she said. "Git along with your friend!"

Mike showed all his teeth in a tight grin.

"I guess not," he said. "I like it here. Break out that lunch now and make it snappy. I'm in a big rush."

Charles walked over to him.

"You better clear out, mister," he said.

Mike clutched him by the shirt front and pushed him slowly backwards.

"Outside, Hiram," he said. "Outside."

Gracie was struggling with Ma.

"You leave me be, Mis' Fessenden," she whined. "You leave me be now."

Mike let go of Charles and walked slowly toward Ma, his little eyes narrow.

"I don't like people to fool around my sweetheart," he said. "I'm funny that way."

Gracie twisted one arm free.

"You heard what he said. Now you leave me be."

Charles was standing in the doorway, his face very white.

"C'mon, Ma," he said. "C'mon outside."

Ma let go of Gracie. She glared briefly at Mike, her nostrils wide and her lips pale and tight.

"Dirty skunk!"

She went over to the door and went out with Charles.

Gracie opened the cupboard and lifted down a pie. Mike took it out of her hands.

"Atta baby," he said. "You looked pretty good in there, sweetheart."

He took the pie over to the table. He used the bread knife to cut out a big chunk which he picked up and gobbled. It was blueberry pie, and the juice dripped through his fingers and all over the checkered table cloth. Gracie brought over a cup and saucer and a loaf of bread and a plate with new butter. She giggled when she saw how he was eating the pie. She filled the cup with tea from the stove and set out milk in a pitcher. Mike sat down and ate more pie.

"Like some ham?" said Gracie.

"Don't ask me," said Mike. "Just bring it."

Gracie took what was left of a whole ham out of the ice chest and Mike went at it with his fingers. Gracie sat down opposite him.

"You got an appetite," she said. "Sendin' you off without a bite. Shame, I think. You don't look like you was any tramp."

"Sweetheart," said Mike, "you're a girl after my own heart."

He gulped his tea. Gracie giggled.

"You only say them things."

"On the level," said Mike. "I'm thinking of taking you home with me."

Gracie's pale eyes widened.

"Oh," she said. "Back home to the city?"

"Park Avenue," said Mike, stuffing bread and butter.

Gracie watched every move he made, her eyes alert. He dug into the pie again with his fingers. The blue syrup was all over his hand and mouth.

"I can make pie good as that," said Gracie.

"Sure," said Mike. "You can do anything."

He reached out and pinched her cheek hard.

"Ow!" she gasped. "Now you hurt me."

She made a face as if she were going to cry. Mike took his hand away and there were blue patches of berry stain on Gracie's cheek. Mike laughed; and Gracie laughed a little too.

"I'll call you Mike," she said. "And you call me . . . that. What you called me."

Mike rolled his eyes at her.

"You're a little hoops, ain't you, sweetheart?"

"I'm what?"

"All right," said Mike. "My error."

He stood up and wiped his sticky hands on his shirt. He walked over to the door and looked around the yard. He turned quickly.

"Say," he said. "Where the hell's mama and papa?"

"They went down through the garden," said Gracie. "I seen 'em runnin'. You scared 'em good all right."

"What's down there?" Mike snapped.

"Why they's a road. That's the road down there."

"God Almighty!" said Mike. He went out the door and Gracie followed him. He pointed to the woods above the farm house.

"What's that way?" he said.

"Nothing. Just woods."

Mike jumped off the porch and started at a trot for the trees.

"You coming back?" Gracie called.

"I ain't even been here," Mike said without looking back.

Gracie stood on the porch watching him make his way into the brush. Her mouth was sad when he disappeared. She supposed that he might go down the hill to the swamp and then not be able to get through. She could, of course, go down later and show him how.

As she stood there, she heard sudden voices below the garden; and she turned to see several men coming out of the trees. Charles was one of them; and he was carrying something. The two Taylor boys were there and three men she didn't know. They were all carrying guns. They came running up through the garden. Gracie slipped back into the kitchen. Feet stamped on the porch; and Lon Taylor appeared.

"He ain't here," he said.

Charles peered through the screen.

"Them fellers broke out of Thomaston," he panted. "Which way'd they go?"

"Mason way," Gracie lied.

"The big feller too?"

Gracie nodded. The other men came up and looked in at her. They all looked mad and out of breath; and they gripped their shotguns tightly.

"Down Mason way," said Charles, starting back across the garden.

"I'll go down the road," said Lon. They all started off, their feet clumping. Gracie watched them through the window, smiling to think how she had outsmarted them. She stood there until some minutes after they had all disappeared. She heard them shouting to each other in the woods. She went out, then, and stood a while on the porch, holding her breath for fear someone might come back and see her. She got down off the porch and walked easily along the side of the house. She stopped and looked all around, then ran for the woods.

She was laughing as she made her way through the heavy underbrush. Low branches poked at her face and made scratches. She had to hold one arm up to push them away. Her dress kept getting caught in the bushes and she ripped it several times. After awhile the descent was steep and she slid and stumbled. There was no telling which way Mike had gone; but she knew she would find him somewhere along the edge of the swamp, looking for a way through. She tripped over a windfall and a dead branch tore the skin off her hand. She began to cry a little as she hurried down.

"Mike!" she shouted. "Mike!"

There was no answer.

"Mike! They're after you!"

She paused to look around. She was near the bottom now but the brush was high and she could not see far. In a minute the ground began to squish beneath her feet. She turned to the left and made her way along the swamp's edge, looking this way and that, and calling:

"Mike!"

There was a crackling noise ahead of her and a man appeared on the slope standing between two trees. It was Mike. His trousers were wet and muddy to the knees. There was a scratch on his face, and blood trickling. His eyes were slits.

"Oh, Mike," said Gracie.

She started toward him, pushing the hair out of her eyes. He stepped forward. She noticed, suddenly, that there was a gun in his hand.

"What's the gag, screwy?" he said. "What's the big idea? You tired of being lucky?"

"Oh, Mike," she panted. "They've went off. I told 'em you'd gone Mason way. They've all went off a-hollerin'."

She smiled and waited for him to be glad. His expression did not change.

"Who went off?" he said, hardly opening his mouth. "What's Mason way?"

"The other way," said Gracie. "Where the hurt feller went. All them folks that was after you. They had guns."

Mike put his gun inside his shirt and wiped blood from his face with his finger tips.

"It's a wonder you didn't break a blood vessel, being so smart," he said.

"I thought it was right smart," said Gracie. She blushed and smiled, showing all her crooked yellow teeth. "You could come back now. You could hide in the barn. They won't nobody go snoopin' around there."

"Somebody should pin medals on you, sweetheart," said Mike.

"Then you're comin' back?"

"On your way," said Mike, waving one hand. "I'll tag along."

Proudly Gracie led the way back up the slope through the brush. Mike followed her, stopping to listen now and then, ready to run. Gracie did not hesitate at the edge of the woods. She stepped right out into the clearing and turned to wait for Mike. He broke through the brush and stopped, scowling.

"Turn around, you sap!" he called hoarsely. "Go down and see who's around."

"They ain't nobody around," she said. "I told you . . ."

"Shut up!" he snapped. "Go down there."

Gracie made a mouth and went on down to the porch. There wasn't anyone around. She turned and beckoned to Mike. He stepped out into the clearing cautiously, his hand inside his shirt. When nothing happened, he trotted quickly down into the barn. Gracie came over to him.

It was a big barn, but the Fessendens kept no more livestock in it; and nothing remained of the horses that had been there but the smell of sweaty harness and manure and musty

hay. There were cobwebs in great festoons; and an old bridle and a collar hung on a peg.

"How do you get upstairs in this place?" said Mike.

"There's a ladder," said Gracie, pointing to slats nailed to one corner of the wall.

"Now listen," said Mike intently. "Keep away from me. The farther the better. I like to be alone."

"I was going to fix you up a bite," said Gracie, pouting a little. "So's you'd have something tonight."

"Well, okay," said Mike, speculating upon the ladder. "Don't stall around. You can pass it up to me."

He went over and swarmed quickly up the ladder to the loft. Gracie heard him creaking around up there, looking for a hide. She went back to the kitchen. The ham and the bread and butter were still on the table. Mike had made an awful mess on the fresh table cloth; and Gracie hoped she would not be around when Ma came back and saw it.

Gracie cut bread and made big sandwiches, spreading the firm butter on thickly and using great chunks of ham. She made four of them. She wrapped them in a clean dishtowel and carried them over to the barn with the pie that Mike had been eating.

Mike heard her and his head and shoulders appeared in the trap door above the ladder. He reached both hands down.

"Pass them up, sweetheart," he said.

Smiling, she put the food into his lank hands.

"Okay," he said. "Now scram."

"What's that?"

"Scram. Beat it."

He withdrew himself. Gracie went back to the house. She began to wonder how the hunt was getting on. If they caught the short man, they might quit and come back. Ma might, then, come back from Taylor's; and Mike would have a time getting away. She couldn't bring him food or anything

while Ma was there. Gracie hoped Ma was good and scared and would stay away for a week. It would be all right if Charles came back because he would go to town in the morning.

She wondered if Mike would care if she went over to stay with him a little while after dark. She went in to her own room after a while and looked around to see if there was anything she wanted to take with her. She took off her torn dress and put on a big apron. She had one other dress and a pair of shoes that Ma had given her that were mighty nice and that she had worn only once—of a Sunday. She wrapped the shoes in the dress and made a little bundle of them with some woolen string. She went out and cleaned off her face and her cut hand.

It was getting late. She stirred up the fire and put on more wood. She pumped water to fill the tea kettle. She cleared the soiled dishes from the table but did not change the cloth. While she worked, she thought of Mike. No one had ever before said nice things to her and looked straight into her eyes. She had heard about men and girls being stuck on each other. She knew that Bess Taylor was stuck on some fellow named Hall in Mason; but until now she had never had any idea what it was like. Now she knew that it was a feeling that made you glad and sad and scared altogether: that went all through you, tightening your throat and going down into your stomach and into your legs, making them weak.

The sun went down behind Fottler's hill and the shadows among the trees were deep. Gracie sat on the porch in Ma's rocker, teetering gently. She lifted her eyes and stared at the square black mouth of the loft, wondering if Mike sat somewhere in the dark looking down at her. There was going to be a full moon; and she could see it already in the sky, pale as milk.

II

With Ma safe at Taylor's, where she would stay until both men were caught; with John Taylor's old twelve-gauge Stephens slung on his arm, Charles had felt ready to fight. Lon Taylor took Thurt Farwell and Ed Snowman to search along the road while Charles and Ned Taylor and Bill Shenton beat through the pine woods this side of the ridge. Charles was in the middle with Ned and Bill about forty yards away on either side. It was a narrow strip of woods between the ridge and the back road. The brush was not thick but the branches hung low and they had to go with their heads down most of the time. The men, they expected, would keep on going in the same general direction, hoping, most likely, to hit the railroad at Mason. The three trotted smartly along, not bothering to look around much, but shouting to each other every now and then so as to keep abreast. Their guns were loaded, at half-cock. Charles hardly expected to pick up any trace of the men in this strip of woods, for he figured they would probably have worked down the slope and found the back road, not yet knowing they were being chased. He was breathing heavily soon and cursing as dead limbs scratched him. He stopped now and then to yell sharply: "Hey!" and to wait until Bill and Ned answered. They went along this way for about twenty minutes.

Suddenly off to the left there was the loud boom of a shot-gun; and then two sharp cracks—revolver shots.

"They found 'em!" Charles shouted.

All three raced down the slope, struggling through the thick branches. Bill and Charles reached the road together. They saw Ned a few paces ahead of them, beckoning them to hurry, and down the road Lon Taylor, running. Lon ducked suddenly into the brush on the left and they pounded after him. When they broke through the brush, they were in a

wide pasture. Far ahead was a grey stone wall that went from the woods down to the river. Ed Snowman sat on the ground near them, with his shotgun beside him. He was holding his arm and blood was on his fingers. They bent over him an instant.

"Hurt bad?" said Charles.

"Go on!" said Ed throatily. "Git after him! I'm all right. Right as rain."

Lon was trotting ahead of them and Thurt Farwell was far out on the pasture, walking easily along, chin up, like a bird dog on a scent, his shot gun ready. He turned his face to them and shouted:

"Watch out! He's behind the stone fence!"

They spread out and stepped along as if they were stalking game, each of them watching along the distant wall for any movement. Charles realized what a good target he was and his throat tightened and went dry.

"There he goes!"

A little figure appeared suddenly far down to the left, scuttling away from the wall. Lon fired, the kick of the gun staggering him, but the white-shirted figure ran along, his bandaged arm a-dangle. Ahead of him at the bottom of a slope was a small red building.

"He's heading for the boat-house!"

They were all running full tilt now and were over the wall in a minute. Thurt stopped short and fired. The shot was high. Charles' heart hammered his ribs. The little man disappeared for an instant behind a shoulder of ground and then they saw him scurry into the boat-house. Thurt turned to wave at Lon and Ned; and they began to circle widely to get to the other side of the shelter. The revolver cracked twice from the doorway. Charles and Thurt slowed down. Bill raised his gun and fired one barrel. Sudden little white splotches appeared on the wall of the boat-house.

"Keep your eye on the river!" Thurt shouted.

Bill trotted down to the river bank and crouched there, watching the small dock. Thurt and Charles went down on their bellies and began to ease themselves toward the house. The revolver spat from the window and there was a brief whine near Charles' ear. Charles fired at the window and shattered it. Thurt's gun boomed again. Charles lay flat to reload and he saw that Lon and Ned had reached the other side. The revolver banged from that side and Thurt and Charles jumped up and ran forward a few steps, dropping again on their bellies. Thurt let go with both barrels and the window became a jagged hole. Lon and Ned fired in quick succession. There was no answering shot. White smoke drifted in small clouds over the pasture. Charles got slowly to one knee and fired again, tearing a long hole in the side of the boathouse. Thurt stood up slowly.

Lon suddenly appeared at the other corner of the boathouse, edging his way toward the door. They ran down to him. The door was a little ajar; and they shoved it open with their gun-barrels. Inside, the little man lay across an old skiff, face down, with blood running from his chest and neck. Blood soaked into the keel and dripped to the floor. Charles felt sick. Thurt walked in and touched the body.

"He's done all right," he said.

"Where's the other feller?" said Bill.

"He warn't with him," said Lon, picking up the dead man's revolver.

"You'd a thought they'd stuck together," said Bill. "Them sort of fellers do, mostly."

Thurt had a tentative hand on the dead man's shoulder.

"Must a scattered when they got wind of us," he said.

There were running footsteps outside; and Fred Walker appeared in the doorway.

"What the hell!" he panted. He gulped when he saw the body.

Thurt faced him, his mouth grim.

"Two fellers broke out of Thomaston," he said. "Here's one of them."

Fred backed off a little, his chin slack.

"Gorry!" he breathed. "I gorry!"

He looked around at the wreck of his boathouse.

"Two?" he said. "Where's the other?"

"Ain't seen him."

"Well, say!" Fred blurted. "My boat's gone off the bank. Maybe he went off in that!"

"Sure he did!" said Thurt. "Ned! You run down to Fred's and put in a call to Pete Harnden down to Kingston. That's the first place he'll hit."

Ned nodded briefly and trotted out. There was a silence for a minute; and Charles sighed.

"That's that," said Bill.

"Well," said Charles, "I'll be getting back to my womenfolks. They're most likely scared stiff."

"I'll go along," said Lon.

They started back up the pasture. They could still see wisps of smoke clinging to the grass.

"He near got me," said Charles. "She sang a song right into my ear."

"Wonder which one of us got him."

"We all did, seems as though." Charles thought of the torn body and bit his lips.

They talked themselves breathless all the way back. The sun was low and it made long shadows on the road and across the fields.

Lon left Charles at the foot of the path. It was dusk.

"Tell Ma to stay put with you till we know for certain about that other feller," said Charles.

"She won't need no coaxin'," Lon said.

Charles expected Gracie had gone to Taylors' and he was surprised when he saw a light in the kitchen. He found

Gracie standing over the stove. She turned around when he came in.

"I'll fix your supper," she said.

"Just a snack," said Charles, unbuttoning his shirt at the neck. "I sort of lost my appetite."

He sat at the table while Gracie made the tea hot and set out plates and cake and pie. He noticed the mess on the table cloth.

"Say," he said, "You know for certain which way that big feller went?"

"I told you where," said Gracie. "I ain't lyin'."

Charles turned to stare solemnly at her. She fumbled the dishes.

"You're a mite upset, ain't you?" he said.

"No," said Gracie. "I ain't."

Charles got heavily to his feet and stood in front of her, his head thrust forward.

"Where is he?" he demanded, hoarsely.

Gracie's face was pale.

"You leave me be, Charles Fessenden," she said. "I told you I ain't lyin'."

Charles stared at her for a minute.

"Listen, Gracie," he said. "Them fellers was killers. They won't stop at nothin', them fellers. You don't do right to help 'em any."

"I ain't lyin'," Gracie muttered, looking away.

"They got the little feller," said Charles. "He showed fight and we finished him. The other feller they think stole Walker's boat and went off down river. If you know different, you ought to say."

"I only know what I said," Gracie persisted, moving away to the stove.

Charles sat down again at the table and tried to eat. He bit off pieces of doughnut and had to struggle to swallow. He sipped at his tea.

"I ain't got no appetite," he said, finally, looking around at Gracie. She was busy at the sink. Charles got up, trying not to seem nervous or in a hurry, and sauntered over to the corner where he had set his shot-gun. He picked the gun up.

"Where you goin'?" said Gracie, in a voice unnaturally high.

"To bed," said Charles. "I'm tuckered."

Gracie watched him as he went slowly upstairs. His room was right over the kitchen; and she could hear him making noises that meant he was undressing; and she heard him climb into bed, making it creak. She sat down and waited, restless, sitting forward, for almost half an hour to give him time to go to sleep.

She went in to her room first to get her little bundle, meaning to leave it in the barn so as to have it when they went away in the early morning. She tiptoed through the kitchen to the door, and quietly opened it. Each time the hinges cracked, she stopped to listen. She heard nothing but the tree-toads in the swamp far away and crickets all around. The moon was high and bright and made clear shadows in the yard. She slipped out on the porch and hurried to the barn. She felt her way to the ladder.

"S-s-s-s-st, Mike!" she whispered.

Mike's voice sounded close above her.

"Take it easy," he growled. "Take it easy."

"I'm comin' up," she said.

"You sure get some bright ideas," said Mike. "Now, listen, sweetheart. You wouldn't like it up here. Women ain't safe with me in the dark. It's on account something happened to me when I was a kid. You get back and keep an eye on the old man and I'll give you a ride in my yacht tomorrow."

"That's sort of a boat, ain't it?"

"Yeh. Now scram."

"They think you took a boat and went off down river. I heard Charles tell. They got your friend."

"Yeh. I read all about it in the paper. Now beat it."

Gracie was silent for a minute. She wanted to ask him to take her bundle but she was afraid it might make him mad. She guessed he was pretty sleepy.

"I'll be over in the morning first thing," she said. "Soon as Charles goes to town. I can show you the way acrost the bog."

"Okay."

Gracie turned to go back to the house and there in the wide doorway, silhouetted against the moonlight stood Charles, gun in hand. Gracie's knees buckled. She sat down suddenly in the corner, her head striking the wall. She was too weak even to whimper. Charles moved forward, his gun raised.

"Come out!" he said in a throaty voice.

Mike's gun banged, spitting down orange flame. Charles went over as if he had been struck in the face with a plank, his gun skittering across the floor. The sound of the shot roared and rang through the barn and echoed far across the woods and the hill. Gracie got to her feet, deafened, dizzy, bitter smoke in her nose. Mike suddenly appeared before her.

"How the hell do I get out of here?" he said. "Quick!"

His voice gave her strength to move.

"Same way," she gasped. "Same as before."

He started out across the yard and Gracie ran after him. Ahead of them the wood was a wall of darkness. Gracie looked back just once at the barn door where only Charles' white face and one hand lay out in the moonlight.

In the woods, she could not see Mike ahead of her. She could hear the crash and crackle of the tangled brush and the branches as he broke through. Little night animals made sudden rustlings all about them. A surly hedgehog broke

out of their path and plunged away, grunting. At the bottom of the slope, Mike waited for her out in the moonlight. She slid down to him over the slick grass.

"Where do we go from here?" he said.

"Right," she said. "They's a bridge down a ways."

She went ahead along the margin of the swamp, stumbling over the tussocks. The swamp was a wide pasture full of stumps and strange shadows. Gradually, they became aware of a stream that took shape between banks of mud, the shallow black water reflecting the moon. In one place someone had made a bridge of single planks set on stumps and rocks.

"We can cross here," said Gracie.

Mike stepped right out on the first plank, his arms wide like a tight rope walker. She followed close behind but always on a different plank, clutching her bundle. He didn't look around at her. When he stood in the middle of the last plank he pointed ahead to where the distant forest was solid black.

"What's that way?" he said.

"They's a trail to Jackson through them woods. Then from there they's a tote road clear to Canada. Not that I been there. I just know what they say."

She stepped on to the same plank and walked close. He turned around.

"Okay," he said.

He reached out and gave her a push. Squealing, swinging her arms, she tumbled into the stream.

"You're all wet, baby," he said. He jumped to the shore in one stride.

"Mike!" she called. She couldn't believe he meant to do this. But she could not see him against the shadow of the woods. She sank gradually into the cold ooze, struggling to get some footing. She began to cry; softly at first, then wailing loudly as if her poor heart would break.

ROBERT MILLER SMITH

THREE POEMS

HYPERBOREAN

TERROR of wild space
Leaps at the year's end:
All air doth distend
From white winter's face.

O fear you, my love,
When frost runneth forth
And the infinite north
Gapes wide from above,

Lest ice in thee sown,
Thy blood run amiss,
Ere thy body, like stone,
Plumb this white abyss!

AUBADE

Awake, slow soul, awake!
  Go join the flying throng
That now the night doth break
  And bury it in song.

Stir, soul, too soon the sun
  Will bend from noon-ward flight,
And, ere thy dawn's begun,
  Court regions of tonight.

Unwrap thy cloths of sleep!
The corridors of May,
In beauty layered deep,
Will not endure delay.

Blind dream to will, and rise!
Relinquish quick thy bed!
Sleep hath no Spring, it flies
Like seasons past the dead.

SONNET

FOG'S ashen bulk along the coast is massed.
The sea lies stagnant under walls of gray,
Which move like greedy moths to drain the last
Light-laden fragments of the stricken day.
And there, roused from the headlands, shadows pack
To charge the tide of darkness running blind
Up to my door, as seaward from the wrack
The horns drone warnings on the rising wind.

Now shorn of light and destitute, the heart
Alone to duty beats its anxious blood,
To blood no more than motion will impart.
And I, caught passive in the crowding flood
Of naked darkness, range in chronic fright:
The heart, unprompted, overflows with night.

CLAYTON STAFFORD

PHILIP REISMAN

AS TENSION quivers in our ears, and noises we hear at night may be thunder or bombardment, as any talk with a friend may be soon remembered as the night before whatever will happen, happened; as each morning's news is filled with insidious items, any one of which is, in itself, a source of universal dismay, there seems to be patent, a general interim of the arts, in which the loud clock of time ticks, proceeding to another midnight. An interim in which it will be left for the historians of the future to determine whether it was the end of one epoch or the commencement of another. In this interim there is a curious acceleration of activity which becomes more nervous as it approaches exhaustion, resulting in a series of individual manifestations of repetitious comment on the work of other artists which, although of a superior ingenuity, have already exhausted themselves. There are still the corroborators of Picasso, infantile diluters of Matisse, enfeebled Derains, accidents of whatever excitement the heirs of the dadaists drum up for themselves. In America, lacking any indigenous schools of such influence, our painting has split up into any number of convenient categories, from the frigidaire school of immaculate nonsense to a loquacious if artificial interest in murals, or some more or less recognizable Parisians with New Yorker accessories.

In the meantime America remains largely unpainted. Our cities can stand it. Our painters can not. New York persists in its pale, disinterested impermanence, under as intense skies as Tiepolo ever knew, charged with the round action Rubens loved, generally ignored by those eyes which should see it

best. To be sure, there are a number of men who paint New York (for example), the elevated, the subways, Broadway, the skyline, but they paint it as they would any accidental choice of city or object, with only a perfunctory flattery to the quality of its air. They let the landmarks do their work, and so they paint postcards. The graphic artists in weekly cartoons have given a more intense vision of what we feel than nearly any more richly equipped artist.

The New York of clipped angles, people seen from the slit windows of a telephone booth, from the bull's-eye of a taxi-cab, from the doors of an elevator, people waiting, buying, eating, their unsuspecting faces bright with the tragic drama of the commonplace, sometimes emerge in haphazard flashes from a camera's eye, but they are hardly ever given their due dignity by a conscious artist. This subject matter which will alone give any meaning to our painting, is so humble in its ubiquity, that few stop to see it. Yet it is the same material which every famous name we use to console ourselves when we speak of our present poverty, has seen before, to make more glorious and intense.

Philip Reisman is one of the few painters in the United States who is fortunate enough to have both an innocent style, a concentration of ideas, and a close eye on the permanent richness of his period. He paints what he knows and he knows a lot about New York. No one has ever known more about (for example) drug-stores. He knows as much about drug-stores as the Dutch knew about butcher shops, as the English about the texture of clothes, as the Spanish about beggars. He has given us the essential drug-store, the red varnish, tile floor, slab of soda fountain, crêpe-paper window decorations, separate tight compact boxes under glass, and the people patient or impatient who come in. Any drug-store in the country equals Philip Reisman's. From the tooth of a dinosaur, the nose of a pulverized marble, scientists reconstruct complete commentary on their faded forms. In his

CAIN AND ABEL PHILIP REISMAN
ETCHING: 1928

humility to paint what he knows, he has painted what seems, for the first time, he alone knows, and which we for the first time find ourselves knowing.

He is a revolutionary artist, in more senses than one. He is convinced of the accumulative corruption of our system of economic control, and of the greater possibilities and excitements of life under a more equable system. His painting is dedicated to demonstrating the present and implying the future. But he does not, as so many other "revolutionary" artists do, consent to use ineffective symbols. He paints what he knows. Others may silhouette a crisped skeleton against a southern sky, mount machine-guns against a solid mass of

blue-jeans, halo the electric-chair, or warp the Statue of Liberty. These symbols are immediately legible. But they are scarcely comment. They convince no one of anything. They simply corroborate, and for the purposes of revolution they are ineffective. Reisman, when he paints a Hooverville, has previously sketched the details of its huts and homeless men, tin, aching beds, tired pails and thin smoke. He has no figures of the angry unemployed, fists against skyscrapers. His view is dispassionate, intense and far more sinister. His precision is coldly seductive. Come, let us look at the picture of the poor men. What are the poor men doing? Are they eating? Yes, but they don't seem to have much to eat.

Reisman is an artist ably equipped to concentrate the visual present in its essential tragedy. He brings to poverty and human distress a considered sombre color, knowledge of luminous design, an interpenetrating pattern and an enveloping atmosphere which essentializes a reality double-distilled from the news-reel. He needs big walls to cover with scenes which can be as contemporary and as permanent as the marriage of Marie de Medicis or the Disasters of War. His symbols are seized fresh from their context, with no gap of literary jargon to mar their meaning.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

THE PUNISHMENT OF HELIODORUS: 1928
(CHARCOAL ON PAPER)

PHILIP REISMAN

EVICTION OF JOBLESS TENANTS: NEW YORK: 1932
(COLLECTION: MUSEUM OF MODERN ART)

PHILIP REISMAN
(TEMPERA ON PANEL)

DRUG STORE: 1932

PHILIP REISMAN
(TEMPERA ON PANEL)

AENEAS AT WASHINGTON

I MYSELF saw furious with blood
Neoptolemus, at his side the black Atridae
Hecuba and the hundred daughters, Priam
Cut down his filth drenching the holy fires:
In that extremity I bore me well
A true gentleman valorous in arms
Disinterested and honorable; then fled.
That was a time when civilization
Run by the few fell to the many, and
Crashed to the shout of men, the clank of arms;
Cold victualling I seized and hoisted up
The old man my father upon my back
In the smoke made by sea for a new world
Saving little—a mind imperishable
If time is—an image of man conceived
In the hesitation of receding love.

(To the reduction of uncitied littorals
We brought chiefly the vigor of prophecy
Our hunger breeding calculation
And fixed triumphs)

I saw: the thirsty dove
In the glowing fields of Troy, hemp ripening
And tawny corn, the thickening Blue Grass
All lying rich forever in the green sun.
I see all things apart; the towers that men
Contrive I too contrived long, long ago;
Now I demand little. The singular passion
Abides its object and consumes desire
In the circling shadow of its appetite.
There was a time when the young eyes were slow
Their flame steady beyond the firstling fire;
I stood in the rain far from home at nightfall
By the Potomac, the great Dome lit the water
The city my blood had built I knew no more
While the screechowl whistled his new delight
Consecutively dark.

Stuck in the wet mire
Four thousand leagues from the ninth buried city
I thought of Troy: what we had built her for.

ALLEN TATE

D. H. LAWRENCE'S SENSIBILITY

THE difficulty in studying Lawrence is not exactly to determine what he was. He put himself down with such candor that even his bewilderments and his gradually-overcome self-deception are transparent. Those who read his letters, especially, come to know him like an old friend. The difficulty is to know what to accept from Lawrence, what to reject, what to believe and how to believe it—what to make of him, in a word. There is no use trying to derive any consistent doctrine from his works, for he was not a system builder, and there is no use trying to appreciate him solely as an artist, he was himself too often impatient of the demands of art, which seemed to him trivial compared with the quest he followed. He was the kind of romantic poet whose writings are seldom self-subsistent creations, but rather signs of his inspiration, which is itself the important thing. If you think only of his personality, of what he was with people, you reduce him to the dimensions of the people he was with. If you try to judge his soul, you usurp the functions that belong to Saint Peter, and you risk making a terrible mistake. You will probably be demanding of Lawrence something he never tried to give, and was by nature unfitted to give; and so you fail to see what his contribution really was, in itself.

Mrs. Luhan tries* the first method. She tells us about Lawrence's visits to Taos as honestly and completely as she can, not sparing herself in the process, and showing us everything that she herself can see. Her book is so vivid and earnest that we get an impression of Lawrence's personality out of it almost better than we do out of his letters. We can see how exciting he was as an individual, how generous, how full of hope, how subject to petty fits of anger, how willing to try anything once. And Mrs. Luhan makes it clear that he did not find what he was looking for in Taos. The little colony of highbrows between the Pueblo and the Mexican town fluttered to its rather shallow depths when he approached; but Lawrence himself presently rushed off to Mexico, having had an experience of some sort, but as unrealized in Taos as he had been everywhere else. It is no doubt the pattern of Lawrence's periodic efforts to belong to some community. In the semi-autobiographical work *Kangaroo* Lawrence tells a rather similar story which confirms and amplifies this impression.

Mr. Middleton Murry† tries the far more difficult and dubious method. He speaks of Lawrence and Jesus in the same breath; but what he gives with one hand he takes away with the other: "We needed a leader and a prophet," he says, addressing Lawrence's ghost; "you were marked by destiny to be the man, and you failed us." His interpretation of Lawrence is that he was a deeply-believing Christian (as Mr. Murry understands the word) without the strength to live up to or even recognize his belief; and he gives us to understand that Lawrence ended in the most horrible disintegration. He quotes chapter and verse at every point, and as you read his book you are likely to feel that it is full of suggestive half-truths, at least. But then, one could quote chapter and verse for almost any interpretation

* *Lorenzo in Taos.*
† *Son of Woman.*

of Lawrence, and Mrs. Carswell† disputes not only Mr. Murry's thesis but many of his facts. Mr. Murry relies very heavily on evidence from Lawrence's gloomiest period, which was in England, during the War; the period when Lawrence was forced by the persecution of the military authorities to be inactive; when he was finishing *Women in Love*, and trying to digest his first acute vision of chaos on all sides. Mr. Murry would have us believe that Lawrence never recovered from this experience, but declined, with a few partial recoveries, into some sort of sensual degeneration. Mrs. Carswell's idea is that his flight to the joyous Mediterranean was simply a healthy rejection of too much horror. Mr. Murry seems to think of Lawrence as a saint and theologian combined, who fell into a temptation which he really understood, though he wouldn't quite admit it, in more or less Christian terms; Mrs. Carswell makes him out a poetic nature turning instinctively from gloom and decay toward the sunshine and happiness he required.

Mrs. Carswell's different conception of Lawrence makes her write a study which is entirely different in method and intention. "I believe that there not only may, but must be, a new way of life, and that Lawrence was on the track of it," she writes. So from the very beginning she gives him credit for his avowed intentions. Mr. Murry is more often compelled to disregard, in the interests of his thesis, what Lawrence himself said he was trying to do. While Mrs. Carswell sticks very close to the letter of Lawrence, the Lawrence whose voice we hear in every word he wrote, Mr. Murry tends to replace the man with a religio-psychoanalytic map of his subconscious—an exercise which is easy enough nowadays and not very satisfactory. Mr. Murry says, "It is absolutely necessary to distinguish what Lawrence, as a living person, is demanding, from what Lawrence, as a

† *The Savage Pilgrimage.*

man of profound impersonal vision, declares to be necessary." This distinction is a good one, very fair and cautious; but one gradually comes to see that the "impersonal vision" Mr. Murry really uses is not so much a vision Lawrence recognized as it is Mr. Murry's own notion of what Lawrence's vision should have been. Lawrence had many visions, but no consistent doctrine. Mrs. Carswell draws a different distinction: between Lawrence the man and Lawrence's poetic or prophetic voice. Mr. Aldous Huxley* separates the man from the *daimon* that possessed him. It is this primary gift, call it voice, daimon, inspiration, sensibility, or what you will, a gift that Lawrence never lost, but exploited to the end of his life, that makes him important—and neither his personal salvation, about which we can hardly judge, nor his systematic theology, which was for him as unimportant as his art.

Perhaps one reason Mrs. Carswell's book is so good is that it is by a woman. Women seem to be able to be disciples of Lawrence's without losing their bearings: they apparently do not have the same need to codify that men do. "Le grand effort d l'homme, s'il est sincère, c'est d'ériger en lois ses impressions personelles." This is not a woman's effort, and it was not Lawrence's effort. His effort was to accept every moment of life as true in itself; to respect the reality of the feeling rather than the reality of the impersonal ideal. Those who were too absorbed in their ideals struck him as unbearably false, and women are grateful to him for this feeling. A couple of years before his death he writes as follows to Aldous Huxley: "Your idea of the grand perverts is excellent. You might begin with a Roman—and go on to Saint Francis—Michael Angelo and Leonardo—Goethe or Kant—Jean-Jacques Rousseau or Louis Quatorze. . . . They all did the same thing, or tried to: to kick off or to intellectualize, and so utterly falsify the phallic consciousness, which is the basic consciousness, and the thing we mean, in

* *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence*, with an Introduction by Aldous Huxley.

the best sense, by common sense . . . Goethe began millions of intimacies, and never got beyond the how-do-you-do stage, then fell off into his own boundless ego . . . Back of them all is ineffable conceit." Mr. Hyatt Mayor has remarked that Lawrence writes as women ought to write, and don't; and I think one feels that this passage should have been written by a woman, but obviously wasn't. Mrs. Carswell quotes Lawrence's wife to the effect that life with him was always worth while. This humility before the feeling, this complete emotional availability, is a very difficult thing for a man to give, perhaps even for Lawrence; but in return for it a man may maintain, as Lawrence knew, his contact with the earth, with common sense. Mr. Murry does not see in the least this important fact about Lawrence.

II. "God in me is my desire."—Letter to Catherine Carswell

All those who write about Lawrence try to make him out as some sort of religious teacher. For Mr. Murry he is a spectacular Dostoevsky saint and sinner; for Mrs. Carswell he is the prophet of a new life, and Mr. Huxley, in the very thoughtful introduction to the Letters, compares him with Pascal, and draws a suggestive analogy between his feeling of "otherness" and mystery in the universe, and his insistence that in the love relation a man and woman shall feel each other as mysterious and different, instead of mere extensions of their own "boundless egos." Lawrence was always announcing that the age was corrupt, and that he rejected it; and he was continually haunted by the notion of a pure terrestrial paradise. While he sits in England trying to last out the dreary war years, he plans a colony in Florida. As soon as the war is over, and he is free to move, he seeks in Italy, then in the Orient, Australia, Taos and Mexico, in that order. His geographical wanderings were accompanied

by a quest of a different kind. The *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, for example, is a search for the "dark gods" of the belly, an attempt, which would be ridiculous if it were not so suggestive, to write a mythology of the bowels and nervous system. When he is in the grip of this spirit his prose can sound like Apocalypse, or at other times like a revivalist preacher in Harlem.

It seems to me that his sense of the eternal quest for Eden on earth was connected even more closely than his sense of mystery and "otherness", with his picture of what the love relation should be. In *The Plumed Serpent* we read,

> That which he brought to marriage was something flamy and unabashed, fresh and virginal. Not, as she had always known in men, yearning and seeking their own ends. Naïvely bringing his flame to her flame.

Certainly this is not a traditionally Christian religious sentiment. In Dante the earthly paradise is empty, and it is only a moment in a vast scheme. Lawrence not only craves a strictly terrestrial paradise, he seems to crave nothing beyond it. Hence his peculiar and profound understanding of America. Lawrence would have tried to join the Shakers, or the Mormons, or any of the religious societies in early nineteenth century America, which, reacting against Calvinism and the doctrine of original sin, announced that the age of innocence was at hand, and that the proper thing to do was retire from the world and live like Adam before the Fall with one's wife or wives. It is a centrifugal, rebellious spirit, which Lawrence, from the Non-Conformist strain in England, was legitimately heir to.

Studies in Classic American Literature, many other essays and several short stories, *The Boy in the Bush*, and much of *The Plumed Serpent* and *Mornings in Mexico*, owe their existence very directly to Lawrence's sympathy with the America of Promised Lands. *The Boy in the Bush*, which Lawrence rewrote from a story by Skinner, is laid in Aus-

tralia, but it might have been laid in the American West and it might have been called *The Mormon.* But *Classic American Literature* is the great monument of this part of Lawrence's sensibility. His gift worked best when it could work directly on real objects, instead of having to construct or invent. His travel books are extraordinarily successful for this reason; and in this book of literary history he has the American authors to react to directly—to interview, to praise, and to abuse. He is fascinated with them all: with Cooper and Crèvecoeur, who had romantic and rather European, cults of the Indian; with Poe, and his sinister or transcendental loves; with Melville, and his metaphysical and geographical wanderings. He lives over vicariously and in retrospect each of their careers. He seems to survey them enviously, yet at the same time with a terrible sense of their futility. Their succession gives him a myth: the myth of the breaking-up of the European tradition into many eccentric quests. There have been theses about American literature and American culture, but probably no other study on a large scale so deep and many-sided and suggestive as Lawrence's. You may say that it is only a myth, a fiction, after all; but the myth is still one of the few ways we have of understanding our fundamental desires, the psychoanalysts to the contrary notwithstanding. You may say the book is nervous and personal, only a projection of Lawrence's sense of his own destiny. But no one had a better right than he, both by temperament and background, to appropriate our authors. And his ultimate justification is the fine, tragic ordering he gives them.

Lawrence wrote *Classic American Literature* during the gloomy war years in England, while toying from time to time with the idea of a colony in Florida. It is characteristic of him that he should have been planning a promised land and celebrating the failure of promised lands at one and the same moment. The reason his books on America are so good

is that he knew more than the founders of Oneida Communities. He not only had their experience to instruct him, but everywhere he looked he discerned examples of the same *hubris* in different forms. The sophisticated people among whom he lived much of his life, with their various efforts to escape by way of sex, consistently attracted and repelled him. He says somewhere that such people were important, not in themselves, but as sensitive indicators of the trends of the times. There is no doubt that he knew, in a way, what they were; yet his sense of life lay close to theirs:

> Beneath the stars, upon yon meteor,
> Ever hung my fate, 'mongst things corruptible.
> . . . My loathing
> Was prophet to the rest, but ne'er believed.

In short, Lawrence knew more about the need for Paradise than the need itself; he knew something of its destiny on earth. Much of what is sometimes called his religious sense could equally well be called a tragic sense. His sympathy was really with the Aristotelian hero of tragedy, the passionate man, not the saint, the man who lives by his desires and illusions. His piety is a sense of the human lot and the human limitation; some female voice is always in his ear, like the voice of Kate in *The Plumed Serpent*:

> "Oh!" she cried to herself, stifling. "For heaven's sake let me get out of this, and back to simple human people. I loathe the very sound of Quetzalcoatl and Huitzilopochtli. . . . And they want to put it over me, with their high-flown bunk and their Malintzi. . . ."

In the continual effort to find a religious system he could believe in, Lawrence was much influenced by anthropological studies of classic and primitive cultures. In his happy moments what he worships is very much like Priapus, the garden god, who keeps the boundaries of a man's fields, the hearth and home, and whose enormous phallus, as Catullus says, the householder will sometimes use to club marauders

over the head with. When he tries to think out in detail how he would like to have his religion embodied, he thinks of some patriarchal or tribal organization with church and state in one. For him a human society was nothing unless it embodied in its structure some of the spiritual and emotional life of the people that composed it. The United States was in his opinion not a human society at all, but a nest of one hundred and ten million china eggs. In *Kangaroo* he tells us how the foreigners of Australia made him feel the pull of the tribe *he* belonged to: the English tribe, with its aristocratic tradition.* Even the big country houses which he sometimes hated made him homesick for this tribal past. Shakespeare was in his bones; and loyalty to Coolidge Republicanism or Greenwich Village Technocracy would have seemed to him a very weak substitute indeed for the loyalty that attached Shakespeare's Romans to Coriolanus or Antony. So that at the same time that his religious sense connected him with the centrifugal, romantic, individualistic spirit of the modern world, it connects him with that more pagan, more Catholic tradition which England inherited from the ancient European cultures.

These multiple awarenesses in Lawrence made him a most rich and exciting spirit, and an almost unbearably stimulating companion or guide. But as he found no embodiments of his belief, he never finally attached or commited himself. He makes us feel the richness of the modern intellectual world, with its learning, its memories, and its emotional facility; and at the same time he makes us feel how barren it is of accomplishment, and at last how frivolously arbitrary its faiths are. His sober muse, who was always starting out

* In *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, which contains Lawrence's final word on his native Midlands, he sees as it were *through* the dreary, restless industrial population to a more or less fictitious time when a peasant population preserved its pagan tradition, its seasonal festivals and dances, and its ancient, sensuous, earthy way of life, beneath a superimposed Catholicism. As for Christianity, he says here, it will do for a minority, perhaps, never for the sensual mass.

to imitate the tragedy of life, as in the magnificent opening chapters of *The Plumed Serpent*, was always being interrupted by his *daimon* yelling that only the quest for innocence on earth was worth while. And his *daimon* could never finish a sermon without being interrupted by his muse, grown ironic and disgusted. He can be as tragic as he likes, there is nearly always a certain agony left over, unfulfilled, disembodied, and destructive of him, of us, and of his art. Yet on the other hand he never makes the traditionally saintly effort to renounce and transcend human life, but clings to the fate of unregenerate humanity.

III. "The style is the man."

It is tempting to assert that Lawrence would have been an artist pure and simple if he had been able to find a traditional belief, of the kind which in the past has given both content and stability to what an artist had to say. His sufferings may be regarded as those of a frustrated artist rather than those of a seer, if these distinctions have any meaning when applied to so Protean a spirit as Lawrence's. These points may be illustrated by a consideration of the order of his works.

He still considered himself a novelist while writing *Sons and Lovers*. He accepted the large, loose form of the Nineteenth Century novel, as it was still being turned out in England by Arnold Bennett and others. For theme and subject matter he had his own history and the history of his family to write—all he had to say for the moment: the prophet is not yet born. But *The Rainbow* is already more ambitious. The form begins to seem stale to him, and he becomes bored with his characters, which come to seem so numerous and monotonous as to lose all meaning. "Human beings ultimately bore me, and you can't have fiction without human beings," he says in one of his war-time letters. By

the time he reached *Women in Love* he was sure that he was through with the traditional novel, that he no longer cared for individual character and circumstance. Mrs. Carswell writes as follows about this development of Lawrence's: "Those who say 'What a pity he did not care!' have a point of view with which it is difficult not to sympathize at times. With Lawrence, and perhaps with Lawrence alone, the dumb cottagers and inexpressive 'workers' of industrial England might for the first time have found a voice. Even as it is, we now see them *because* of Lawrence, as they have not been seen before. We are pierced by a passional knowledge of them never even suggested by any other writer. But he has given us, practically speaking, no characters."

This is a very good description of *Women in Love*. He will give you his people's feelings for the earth, the sky, and the ruins of industry, so sharply that it is like living in the Midlands yourself. He will render the essence of the emotional relations between them so well that you almost forget the parties to the relation are not realized. As for his minor characters, whom he studies more externally, he makes you feel their presence, their emotional effect, so surely, that if you happen to have known any of the real people that suggested them you can identify them with certainty, even after a period of years. But his main characters, from whose point of view he writes, and whom he designs to carry the chief burden of his meaning, disappear as characters, as he dives through them in search of what Mrs. Carswell calls the life stream. He was simply not interested in what they were in the objective world; he was interested only in the inner world of their emotional and spiritual life. And his trouble was that the people he found to study were not interested in it, or not aware of it, as he was.

Lawrence was not the first novelist to encounter this problem. Henry James met it in his way, by suggesting a vast structure of scruples and heroisms behind and above the

little destinies he knew. Joyce elaborates a point-to-point correspondence between the spiritual movements of a little Dublin city-dweller and the mythical wanderings of Ulysses. The effect is all the stronger for Bloom's unconsciousness of the antique pattern he fits into. But Lawrence rejected both the moral nature of man as Henry James knew it and the mythical and cultural heritage of the race, searching, as he proclaimed, for new values and new symbols. Yet he was far too much of an artist to try to do without symbols; he knew better than anyone that our emotional or moral or religious sensibility is shared only by means of "objective equivalents." You might almost say that his imagination was so concrete that he failed to distingush between the realty and the metaphor or symbol which makes it plain to us. Certainly he is always improvising with his metaphors, laying about him informally for things to body forth his meanings: endowing a landscape with human emotions, or seeing his agony in the wobblings of the moon's reflection in troubled water.

If you go to Lawrence with a great deal of free and undefined emotion, he will orchestrate it for you; he will provide sensuous molds for your emotion to flow into. Birkin's continual smashing of the moon's reflection in the pond is a good example of this. The scattering and the regathering of the sparkles of light will do to embody any sort of struggle for control, for the very reason that the image itself has no exact reference and the context does not provide it. It is like romantic music: it might be about anything, and only if you ask what it *is* all about do you feel that something has been put over on you.

Why not simply call Lawrence a pantheist and be done with it? He seems to perceive the "objective equivalents" at one glance, inextricably mixed with the reality they are to convey. It seems that they are themselves the new territory he is exploring. Certainly they are always part of his initial

inspiration, never conscious technical devices. He can never see anything without feeling it as part of his own spiritual life. Besides, his most characteristic metaphors are interwoven with the whole sweep of his longer works, and receive their full development only as the whole work develops, so that it is very hard to quote examples with any fairness. In *Women in Love* Gerald is likened to the white moon, to the Alps, to the Arctic snow-wilderness. His place in history, his human relations, and his class, are gradually involved in this figure. Even Lawrence's poems, especially the later ones in *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*, are developed figures of this kind, too long to quote entire. The object and the symbol or figure of the object are built up side by side, together.

Mr. Eliot's distinction between Shakespeare's use of simile and Dante's gives us, I think, the clue. "Whereas the simile of Dante is merely to make you see how the people looked, and is explanatory, the figure of Shakespeare is expansive rather than intensive; its purpose is to *add* to what you see." In Lawrence's poem *Figs* we read,

> Folded upon itself, enclosed like any Mohammedan woman,
> Its nakedness all within walls, its flowering forever unseen. . . .

Lawrence is not trying to make you see the fig more closely, but through the fig to see something different and larger. When Lawrence's style is successful it is that he has found something which can stand exactly for some particular meaning; and he lets the image stand in all its roundness and suggestiveness.

But in *Figs* he puts as it were an intolerable burden on the poor fig. When his style fails it is because he himself feels—sooner than the reader, usually—that the image will not do for the meaning. Sometimes he has not quite found the meaning itself, but is only feeling for it with images. Sometimes the correspondence is not clear, and he will break

off the fiction entirely and write a long explanatory philosophical essay. Sometimes, as in *Kangaroo*, he will introduce a frankly personal narrative, as though to say that the work of art is only an improvisation, a makeshift, for some more direct means of communication. Dante takes the inner world for granted, and writes only for those who accept it as he does, and have some experience of it. All he expects his style to do is to record his impression of what is, was and ever shall be. Even Hamlet, who was struggling with the archtype of Lawrence's problem, contents himself with telling Horatio that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in his philosophy. But Lawrence in his longer works was trying to force a new experience upon us.

In Lawrence's case it is peculiarly true to say that the style is the man. True because of his unique candor, because of his life-long effort to respect the reality of every moment's feeling. He had, not one style, but several voices. In *The Plumed Serpent*, when the naturalistic narrative fades away, he speaks out through Ramon Carrasco in parables and apothegms, with a voice like that of Nietzsche's Zarathustra. It is a kind of synthetic modern Biblical style. He has the voice of a bewildered, angry and repetitious man when he loses his bearings; yet when he records his visits to Sicily or Mexico, or his interviews with the Classic American authors, he speaks crisply, nimbly and neatly. And when his other voices are exhausted, or disgusted, or have fallen silent for some other reason, his muse creeps out.

Lawrence's moments of pure artistry are scattered through all his works, and they dominate certain short stories, including *Smile*, *Two Bluebirds*, and *The Captain's Doll*. It is not that his vision of reality is different at these times, it is rather as though he had accepted a vision that was there all the time, and as though with the acceptance had come the ability to render it objectively. For the moment he lets the fiction stand. Take *The Captain's Doll*. It is laid in Germany

and Austria after the War. Its subject is as usual the relation between a man and a woman, and as usual the characters interest him far less than the emotional states they share. The unity of the whole includes the geographical and historical setting, the crowds of pleasure-seekers, like weary Tristans and unbelieving Isoldes, and the end of the old Austrian Empire. The doll itself is an extraordinarily suggestive symbol; and though he explains it in various ways he never explains it away. The two lovers' mountain climbing, the Captain's scrambling absurdly up over the slippery ice while sceptical Hannele eyes him from below, is a dramatic or scenic device comparable to Paolo and Francesca's restless wind.

When Lawrence is in possession of his subject his style achieves another kind of triumph which is extremely rare, and very characteristic of Lawrence: it seems entirely limpid, natural and effortless. This quality is the reward of serving always one's own sensibility, and Lawrence sought it very consciously. He never polished or fixed his writings: if he thought they needed polishing he rewrote them entire. So he stayed as close as possible to his source. When this source is impure it is Lawrence's own voice we hear yelling in its agony; when it is pure, the prose which flows from it is as clear and living as a trout-stream.

IV. "Art is a question of being alive. Go in peace."—*him.*

Lawrence has been likened to Keats, Blake, Burns, and with less aptness to Dostoevsky. Toward the end of his life especially he is very comparable to Nietzsche. Certainly he is in the tradition of romantic writers whose sensibility is more important than their works. Professor Borgese has said (in his lectures at the New School) that romantic writers identify art with its source or root in inspiration, while classical writ-

ers identify it with its realization or flowering in achieved form. Lawrence's sensibility, whether religious, moral, or poetic, was a root sensibility. The distinction is very good, because it does not attempt to say whether *root* in this sense is to mean rudimentary and primitive, or basic and profound. Was Lawrence religious?—Yes; but whether Greek, Christian or Hopi it would be hard to say. He was a moralist, but sometimes his ethics seem hardly more than a psychological therapy analogous to M. Fernandez' training of the personality, while at other times he gives us to understand that nothing matters but faith. And he was an artist who seldom produced a work of art. Yet with his very live, very acute and very courageous sensibility he performed for our day the root function of the poet or the seer, at a level where the two functions are hardly distinguishable. One might say that "the conscience of a blackened street impatient to assume the world" could never quite assume the world while Lawrence was in it.

For some readers, perhaps especially women, this sensibility is enough. They find Lawrence a touchstone for vitality, integrity, or faith, and are satisfied. His influence on other writers is different. Whether they agree with him or not, they find him a source or a beginning, fertile in problems and nearly devoid of solutions; and they tend to try to elaborate or crystallize the raw materials of pure perception he gives them. Mr. Wyndham Lewis and Mr. Aldous Huxley are examples. Most of the important contemporary writers live in the same world as Lawrence did, a world which he did as much as anyone to make us aware of. So in *The Rainbow,* when Ursula is struggling with her first experience of love in the industrial chaos of the Midlands, she has the following reverie:

> . . . It was a place of Kings for her—Richard and Henry and Wolsey and Queen Elizabeth. She divined great lawns with noble trees, and terraces whose steps the water washed softly, where the

swans sometimes came to earth. Still she must see the stately, gorgeous barge of the Queen float down, the crimson carpet put upon the landing stairs, the gentlemen in their purple velvet cloaks, bare-headed, standing in the sunshine grouped on either side waiting.

"Sweet Thames run softly till I end my song."

And in *The Wasteland* the following passages occur:

> . . . The nymphs are departed.
> And their friends, the loitering heirs of city directors,
> Departed, have left no addresses.
> By the waters of Leman I sat down and wept. . . .
> Sweet Thames run softly till I end my song. . . .
>
> Elizabeth and Leicester
> Beating oars
> The stern was formed
> A gilded shell
> The brisk swell
> Rippled both shores. . . .

It is evident that the inspiration or primary poetic idea is similar in the two episodes, with their startling juxtapositions of images from the past with an awareness of the present, and the quotation from Spenser to bring it home to us. It is not necessary to my point to assume that Mr. Eliot had been reading *The Rainbow*; it is enough to point out that in their feeling of where we are, nowadays, the two writers are very close together. And a study of *The Wasteland* would reveal the difference between Lawrence's inspirations and a poetic idea realized. What Lawrence gets partially, as a flash of intuition, Eliot is able to see as part of a much larger and more highly-developed pattern—as round, solid, and independent of the observer or recorder. Lawrence's works are all invitations to try to realize something. That is why it is so difficult to write about him without trying to realize him, in necessarily alien terms, better than he bothered to realize himself.

Francis Fergusson

PSYCHOMACHIA

i

UNDER the trees by a garden pool
The seeming unity of "I"
Sat on a summer day to cool
The mind's hot ache and the body's cry;
One tired of asking *what* and *why*,
The other by lust corrupt from ease,
With crossed desires wrenched awry,
They quarreled and argued under the trees.

ii

"Shell, who never would move unless
My purpose urged your flesh to aim,
Why keep you here in idleness,
The mind whose will you think to tame?
Your sprawled desires make me blame
Myself for knowing what they seek,
As well as you from whom they came
Until my blushes stain your cheek.

iii

Slave of a law you cannot know,
Urged by a wasteful nature on,
Betrayed by false delight you go
Your ignorant journey into stone.

Do you not see that we are one,
I bound to all your weakness does,
Until your dissolution
Murders the strength and fire I was?

iv

Be wise, for your sake and for mine,
Submit your looseness to my rule,
And let my thoughtfulness define
Desires that else will turn you fool.
Check not the hand which holds the tool,
Lest neither shape nor order be,
But send your weakness to my school,
And make it strong, obeying me."

v

Quickly the body made reply:
"O arrogant mind, what truth you know
Needs small experience to deny;
I do not want your brain to show
The error of the path you go;
I do not need your sophistry
To turn your boastful *Yes* to *No*;
It's you that are the slave; not I.

vi

For lacking me, how could you live?
What would you see without my eyes?
How think without my tongue to give
Expression to your truths or lies?
What are you but an empty sieve
Without my facts you sift awry?

I am the garden where you thrive;
Perhaps the desert where you die."

vii

"O foolish body, all your thought
Is bound together by one chain,
All of the same cheap metal wrought
For strength too weak, for wisdom vain.
You would believe that earth and rain
Alone produce the master tree,
And with such lies you'll swear again
That it is you who conquer me."

viii

True is it that without sound earth,
The oak would never spread to shade;
But its full urgence out of birth
Springs from a seed earth never made;
Within that seed the form is laid
To bear its adult wealth of green,
And earth itself were parched and dead,
If that one seed had never been.

ix

So from your soil myself have grown;
And though, alas, my life depends
Upon your health of flesh and bone,
Its course was shaped for other ends.
Not at your will, but mine, it sends
Its anxious cravings into air,
Seeking for truth no question bends
From high assurance to despair;

x

Seeking alliances your lust
Never in all this world can know;
Interrelations out of dust,
Which never into dust can go;
One constant fountain from whose flow
All essence moves; one final mind
Whose pulse in rhythm firm and slow
Controls the hearts of all mankind."

xi

The body laughed, and laughing said:
"What has this rant to do with me?
If thoughts like these will stuff your head,
Small wonder at your misery.
You dream of heavens you cannot see,
Yearn after gods you can't define,
And for your insufficiency
Delude yourself the fault is mine.

xii

But here's a challenge: If you say
That I'm the cause of all your pain,
That should you stow my lusts away,
Your will for truth thirsts not in vain,
Try starving me, deny all gain
Which you've allowed my flesh can give;
Beat me with whips till every vein
Spurts out the sap on which you live;

xiii

Remember her who so crushed down
Her bodily lust that all her food

Was drawn from her pure faith alone;
Think of the wine new turned to blood,
The bread anew made flesh, which could
Support her high ambitious soul,
That sought like yours, its final good,
But unlike yours, achieved its goal."

xiv

Slowly the mind began to speak:
"Body," it said, "that cannot be.
Yet not because the will is weak
Do I refuse. If I could see
Myself as shaped from Deity,
Could find outside myself a will
In which my own inconstancy
Would end, and in that peace be still,

xv

I'd whip, as you would have me do,
Your wild desires which drag me down.
But I alone do not pursue
The troubled path I travel on.
Earlier minds than I have gone
Beyond that happy mark of trust,
And I must see what they have shown,
And know that dust is only dust.

xvi

And know the need you mock me for
Of one firm conscious source of life
Creates its own false object, or

Thrusts at all ease a murderous knife.
This knowledge propagates the strife
Between the truth I can't deny,
And the blind hope that I'll survive
Outside the senses you supply.

xvii

Since faith is knowledge of the soul,
And we by doubt thus torn in two,
Now dare not probe what once was whole,
Lest death or chaos should ensue,
We have no faith; and hence we do
Those things that best can prove you king;
We seek no longer what is true,
But what brings ease in everything.

xviii

At your command, we've conquered space,
Betrayed by you, are slaves to time;
Your voice around the world can race
Quicker than lightning; you can climb
To heights your weakness thinks sublime;
You rule the earth, the sea, the air,
And proud of power, see no crime
In that your conquest brings despair."

xix

"*I* have done this? Are you so blind
As not to know who spurred me on,
And that without your scheming mind,
I'd no more conquest than a stone?"
"The will I served was not my own.

You blame the means; the end ignore.
I schemed for you; your flesh and bone
Prepared the goal I curse you for."

xx

"Then yield; now once for all admit
(And swear at yourself if you must swear)
That you're a sorry hypocrite
To claim control of him you bear.
Be honest; own that all your care,
Outside your empty search for faith,
Which you've allowed brings blank despair,
Is bound by things that fade with death."

xxi

"Perhaps; yet death cannot control
The essence of the truths I prize;
Nor is their outward form the whole
It seems to be in your dull eyes.
Say that I love, and would devise
Perfection with the one I loved;
To that perfection I'd not rise,
If I by you alone were moved."

xxii

"But yet you die with me. You die
When fail my nerves that keep you strong;
O it's so patently a lie
That love without my flesh lasts long,
I need not give my answer tongue.
And since my death kills all your pride,
Why argue more; admit you're wrong,
Accept me as I am; your guide."

xxiii

The mind was still. Then answered, "No.
And now I see small use to add
The force of reasons which but show
Myself more right and you more mad.
I shall not urge us to be glad
That from our conflict grows no peace,
Nor do I think it over-sad
That death from you will bring release:

xxiv

We're hostile now, have been, shall be;
No armistice can hush our fire;
And each must count it victory
If but for once he fill desire
In all our war. Hold back the ire
That would still boast I am your slave,
And let your feebleness conspire
With my distrust to cheat the grave.

xxv

We've no more wisdom; let this hold
Our jarring wills to some control."
The mind fell silent, and the gold
Aestival sun slid towards its goal.
No words the body spoke; its whole
Tissue of nerves claimed mastery,
And boasting conquest, left the soul
With crossed desires still wrenched awry.

THEODORE SPENCER

ART CHRONICLE

A TALK GIVEN IN CONNECTION WITH A SPECIAL CRITICISM FOR THE JOHN REED CLUB ART CLASS. JANUARY 9th, 1933

IT IS probable that with intelligent people, the revolutionary spirit emanates from a generous heart and a live mind, and revolution, active revolution is in itself a work of art from one standpoint. But this evening we are concerned with art in the plastic and aesthetic sense, and it is as a working artist-painter that I come here to-night. In accepting your invitation to speak to the artists and members of your art class, I stressed the point that I am interested professionally, in a spirit of friendly co-operation with a sincere desire to contribute what I can to less experienced artists. I will criticise the pictures from as constructive an angle as it is possible for me at this stage of my development. I can only speak out of what I am at this time. I do not guarantee that I will not at some future time contradict what I say now. The artist to me is a rare individual who senses permanently beautiful laws in nature, which evoke an emotional reaction in himself, and who at the same time has the ability to organize this emotional reaction into a beautiful order, and express it in his chosen medium. This talent, genius or whatever you wish to call it, is something apart from current or localized disturbances, such as we are facing now. The stirring of emotional resentment which many of us feel at the

frightful conditions we live under, due in a measure to the injustice, the selfish bungling of supposedly superior minds, even in the outworn system of distribution in power here, is in my opinion, a quality of emotion quite apart from that under which the artist works. While it is not exactly comparable to any other activity, it is possible that I can make myself better understood, if I say that were I to come here as a surgeon who is particularly skilful in operating on mastoids, it would not make much, if any difference in my diagnosis or advice, whether the mastoid was communist or bourgeois. Another and perhaps superior example is the mind of Einstein. As a man, he is in sympathy with a more equitable and more brotherly management of existence, but I am sure it does not enter his mind when he is emotionally stirred by his mathematical reasoning. His emotion must be that of an artist in another medium of expression. It is true that some very great artists did subject-pictures with a social purpose or protest, but I can answer by saying that those pictures which have lasted in interest, have done so because of their beauty from the artists angle and not because of their subject. Not that there is any objection to subject or even propaganda, if the sheer loveliness or strength of the design and the execution are primary considerations.

I saw a picture in the exhibition of the Carnegie Institute which came from Soviet Russia. It was a rather nice composition of three nude young women running along a beach. I forgot the name of the picture, but it was, if I recall rightly, named "Soviet Youth" or something like that. If it had been called The Three Graces, or Three Duchesses running away from Goya or running toward him, it would not have made any essential difference in the art quality of the picture. I have found that most of the spiritual quality outside of that evoked by the artists feeling for aesthetic and plastic values, is something which has little to do with the artist.

The good religious works of art of the past, from the earliest Egyptian, Assyrian, Chaldean, Chinese, Greek, Renaissance and other periods, when those religions were more in vogue than they are now, are fascinating and interesting to us as artists because of their qualities apart from their subject. You may argue that Goya did some magnificent drawings as propaganda, I can answer by saying that I prefer, as pure art the painting of the feet or the belly in the Maja Desnuda. Daumier did social criticism in his political caricatures. But the grand design in La Soupe, in his

Christ or The Print Collector is preferable to me. In short, I wish to make the point that when you do pictures with a purpose outside of the purely plastic or aesthetic requirements, you must be particularly careful to avoid slipping into a kind of bastard literature, no matter how high or worthy the purpose of the propaganda may be. I am speaking entirely from the point of view of the artist. I have trouble in finding titles for my pictures after I paint them. If I were to paint a superb nude which had nobility of gesture and greatness of design, I would not have the slightest objection to calling it by any label in vogue at the time. It could be called Juno, or The Rise of the Soviet Republic. Its value from the angle of the artist or those sensitive to art would be the same.

Leon Kroll

ARCHITECTURE CHRONICLE

CHICAGO ARCHITECTS

THIS year's architectural show at The Museum of Modern Art deals with the birth and infancy of steel construction and the skyscraper, and although it is conceived more modestly than last year's, it maintains the high standard of presentation of its forerunner.

The work of Jenney, Richardson, Sullivan, Holabird and Roche, and Burnham and Root, comprises the major part of the exhibition. There are besides several buildings of anonymous authorship and others by followers of Sullivan which supplement the story of the exhibition.

Richardson's work has presumably been included because he, more than any other man, set the architectural fashions of his day and is supposed to be responsible for the tendency of his contemporaries and those who came after him, to use Romanesque detail and ornament, and their ability to achieve a simpler and more dignified style. This may well be, but it is probable that some of the architects of that generation would have used Romanesque ornament and learned to simplify their buildings if Richardson had never existed. It is a good deal more interesting to discuss whether they used it well or badly and whether their designs were skilful or clumsy. However, Richardson's work does represent a closing chapter in the history of masonry construction, and as such no doubt belongs in the exhibition. It bears little relation to the work of men like Jenney, Sullivan and Holabird, who were often struggling with a new technical vocabulary and a wilderness of possible aesthetic solutions for their problems. These handicaps never confronted Richardson who worked within the familiar limitations of masonry construction. He did, however, push the commercial building to its greatest height within those limitations, solved successfully the difficulties presented by seven or eight tiers of windows, and preserved such a fine sense of simplicity and

proportion in his design, that the buildings he did in Chicago constitute the examples of his architecture. His commercial work is furthermore free from the tendency to picturesqueness which mark some of his domestic and ecclesiastical efforts.

Jenney, an engineer by profession, is undoubtedly one of the important figures in the development of the skyscraper at the period in question. His invention of a practical method of steel construction is in itself an achievement of the first rank, but aside from this contribution, his feeling for straightforward design entitles him to much consideration as an architect. Nor can one attribute his recognition as an artist to his training as an engineer. There have been plenty of engineers both before and after Jenney who have been incapable of creating a proper clothing for their mechanically determined skeletons. The reason Jenney's work is superior, is not because he was an engineer, but because he was an engineer with a good eye and aesthetic sensibilities.

The work of Sullivan is frequently cited for its originality. But this originality often seems willful. He is not very sensitive to the inherent character of steel construction until late in his career and he imposes on the relatively fragile skeletons of his buildings a prejudice for the massive which obliterates the most significant element of the new technique, i.e., its lightness. His attempt to invent a new ornament rather than to evolve one is often abortive, and one is inclined to admire him as a radical rather than as an eminently successful artist.

Holabird and Roche, on the other hand, remain almost slavishly faithful to the suggestions offered by the new structural methods. In their buildings each floor is honestly exhibited and there is no compromising of the window areas or their number, so that they preserve the shell-like appearance that one associates with volume rather than mass. If their work lacked imagination, it was, on the other hand, skilful and honest and offered at the time it was produced, a finger post pointing in the right direction for future designs to follow.

Almost the only office that carried on their precepts in skyscraper design was that of Burnham and Root. This may seem curious since Root was largely responsible for the classic revival at the World's Fair in 1893, but he died soon after, and under Burnham, the office executed such important designs as the Reliance Building in Chicago and the Flatiron Building in New York. It is a great pity that some of these works were not included in

the exhibition. They were not, perhaps, notable for their beauty, but they represent a vigorous, an authoritative attempt to solve the aesthetic problems of steel construction and tall buildings in their own terms, at a time when the rank and file of architects were beginning to evade them, and following in the footsteps of McKim, Mead and White, and the archeologists.

Classic and Renaissance design descended on America at the Chicago World's Fair and spread like a plague across the country. Corinthian columns, not content with stretching in interminable horizontal rows, as did their ancestors, across the façades of monuments and public buildings, took to climbing skyscrapers, and ranged themselves around the top and bottom, vainly trying to disguise the numberless windows that frightened the wits out of architects each morning when they approached their drawing boards. On high, three-hundred feet above the sidewalk, swollen replicas of the Farnese cornice crowned these parodies of architecture, doing their best to carry out the classic canons of proportion. From the Italian Renaissance and Rome, when things became too desperate, designers fled to Gothic. At least there were no cornices to worry about and the windows could be cured by hooking them up into long vertical slits. But things were not one jot better, for it was only a more adroit way of cheating.

It is a tragic thirty years in the history of American architecture; the long way around Robin Hood's Barn, through miles of measured drawings of Italian palaces, Gothic towers, and even Georgian mansions. The search goes on, and even to-day the massive, built-up architecture of old Europe lingers like a ghost in many drafting rooms, waiting to transfer its ponderous shrouds to the delicate framework of our tall buildings.

When our architects have mastered their fear of multiplicity, of many floors all the same height, of enormous buildings containing hundreds of small cells and lighted with thousands of windows; when they have learned that they need not make ten floors look like one floor, that buildings need not look massive to look strong, nor their scale be corrupted to make them interesting, when in short, the principles formulated over thirty years ago, by men like Holabird, Jenney, and Burnham, are better understood, we may hope for an improvement in the architecture of our tall buildings.

To return for a moment to the exhibition and its presentation; the policy of having the photographs uniform in size and character, and the clean-cut treatment of the captions and literary mate-

rial that accompanies them, makes these exhibitions seem very distinguished when one compares them to the established methods of presenting architectural material.

The decision to limit the geographical scope of the work that is shown to Chicago, and to end it chronologically in about 1900 seems questionable. To the student already familiar with the history of steel construction and the architecture that went with it, this narrow range in locale and in time might seem justified, for he could nourish himself on the hints and suggestions to be found in the work of such pioneers as Jenney, Richardson and Sullivan, and probably share the somewhat dilettante enthusiasm of the sponsors for selecting a pigeonhole of architectural history and examining its contents with meticulous care. The less scholarly observer, however, could not be blamed for finding the show too restricted in its scope to be very interesting. The inclusion of another decade in time and of analogous buildings in other American cities (while despite implications to the contrary, do exist) would have in no way destroyed the unity or intention of the show and might have added considerably to its value.

The documentation is careful and exact in respect to dates and methods of construction, and the relative nearness of the subject matter to our own times has made impossible those effete attributions and aesthetic cross-references with which commentators love to surround the art of more obscure periods in history. But even so, the notes appended to the exhibits seem over precise and dogmatic where matters of style, taste and influence are concerned, and although many of these references display a subtle critical ability, it is difficult to believe that they are necessary. It would seem more to the point to comment on the work of these men directly, as artists or engineers, without going in for all manner of suppositions about their professional family history, just as it is more interesting to hear our fellow-beings discussed by those who love and hate them, and not by a geneological crank.

It is, after all, even when the information is correct, of little importance to know that such and such a building could never have been built by so and so, if such another building had not been finished two years before by somebody else. The usefulness of the critic or commentator depends largely on his willingness to be arbitrary and specific in his judgments, for it is only in this way that he can display his professional courage and virility. All this delving into sources, derivations, and influences is apt to

nullify the opinions of those who indulge in it. They approach their subject with a definite parti pris, intent on making them fit this or that previously formed critical theory, and eventually become incapable of judging things with a fresh and unprejudiced eye.

The best way to judge the dome of St. Peters is by taking a good look at it. The observer who has done that, and is still uninformed, profits little when he ascertains from some obscure source that Michelangelo one day had lunch with Bramante, or that he found in his attic a drawing by Brunelleschi.

HAROLD STERNER

Catalogue:

Museum of Modern Art: 11 West 53rd Street, New York City. Exhibition of Early Modern Architecture: Chicago 1870-1910, From January 18 to February 23, 1933. Price, ten cents.

Contents:

1. Biographies of the leading architects.
2. Chronology of the technical development of the skyscraper with an introduction.
3. Chronology of the aesthetic development of the skyscraper with an introduction.
4. List of Photographs in the Exhibition with comments on each.

FILM CHRONICLE

PUDOVKIN AND THE REVOLUTIONARY FILM

THE October Revolution found the Russian film-industry in as depleted a state as it found Russian economy and expression in general. The Russian cinema had, before the war, produced about two dozen films a year; production was concentrated in four major companies and in Moscow. It terminated in a fever of reaction but contributed nothing to the evolution of the motion picture. In *The Picture of Dorian Grey* is symptomatized, unwittingly, the demoralization of its own social state; in the *Golden Russia* series it sought to stem the revolutionary will. This sequence, among other feats of patriotism, helped, together with the press, to propagate the myth of "German gold" financing the revolutionaries, the strikers in the Lena goldfields and the Petersburg foundries. It is this war-eve period upon which Pudovkin opens *The End of St. Petersburg.*

The war of 1914 effected the "Skobelev committee" of film-propaganda. The Kerensky regime merely altered the "Skobelev committee" into the "Skobelev committee of education." The Bolsheviks disbanded this body, attached a cinema committee to the new ministry of education, and nationalized the cinema. The Kerensky committee had produced two retrospective, vague films; the Bolshevik committee's first production was on a theme

immediate and crucial. Based on a scenario by Lunacharsky, the commissar of education, and "realised under technical conditions absolutely deplorable, it . . . transposed quite felicitously the idea of the necessity of the fusion of the proletariat and the intellectual class."

Léon Moussinac, the conscientious French critic, has said that the Soviet film entered the history of the motion picture because it entered the Revolution. At the very moment of the Revolution, the positive value of the cinema was recognized. Emergency conditions delayed its systematization, but there was production and none of it temporizing. The faults of these first films were indeed stupendous, but the pictures were not makeshift. By their seizure of authentic themes in the national experience, they established the Soviet cinema at once within the Revolution. Though there transpired the effronteries that occur when a material has been approached and a manner appropriated before a point-of-view has been systematically attained, this cinema was assured by a progressive conscience, as alert in art as in politics. It could risk the drastic, oppose itself to the pre-established restraints of studio practice and public taste, since the values predicating these were themselves to be destroyed.

The themes in this preliminary period rejected the literary source. Although opposition to the adapted scenario is a sophistry, the direct transference of the social theme to the scenario attests, in this case, to a commendable desire for reality. The desire itself, however, was overloaded with a self-conscious culturism. Relief from this baggage could be left to the maturing Revolution, when it emerged from the provocations of intervention and famine and could enrich its vigilance. In a few years the kino was industrialized and consolidated. *Polikushka* was the inaugural production. By this time, it was not necessary to be absolute against the literary source. In *Polikushka* there was penetrated class-relationship, for its author, Count Tolstoy, had been, as Lenin once said to Gorky, the first to draw a true picture of the *moujik*. A few years later, Gorky's novel, *Mother,* a story of a revolutionary strike of 1905, was cinematized as the first dramatic of Pudovkin.

Vsevolod Illarionovitch Pudovkin, chemical engineer by profession, came to the film from the level of disdain. He was twenty-seven before he found that the lowly art was not reprehensible. His disdain he attributes to the "rubbishy" films existing up to the time of his conversion—the year of 1920—but actually his attitude was the common intellectual contempt of one for whom

there are only élite arts. It was not until 1926 that the English *haut-* and *demi-monde* discovered the cinema, and then only because it had become the imperial investor's protegé. The Revolution revealed the cinema to Pudovkin as an expression of ardor, —response and agent of the progressive conscience. It provided him with great and positive themes, and the energies to realize them. Otherwise he might have collapsed immediately and completely into the social platitudes, the moral maxims and aesthetic sentimentalities of a D. W. Griffith or an Abel Gance, to whom he bears psychological resemblance. But the relation between the artist and the Revolution is not a fatalistic one; the Revolution demands the artist assume an active responsibility in the maintenance of the relation. Cleavage occurs in the progress of Pudovkin's career that supports his less diligent devotion and accentuates his propensities to pomp.

There had been established in Moscow a film college. Pudovkin as student had been actor, art director and co-editor. As student and later as practician, he was employed in the Mejrabpom-Russ studio, a center congenial to his temperament. Mejrabpom, the cinema of the Workers' International Relief, combined its revolutionary humanitarianism ("solidarity not charity") with the sentimentalities of the old Russ corporation of the Trofimov interests, and this combination was dominated by the veteran Protozanov, whose talent was still vested in the conventions of the preliminary period: the foreface simulations recalled from the Italian and French films that had influenced the Czarist pictures, the embellishments of the theme and the excess narration, the circumscription by the screen's perimeter, etc. Protozanov, however, had a feeling for folk-qualities that, when properly related in the Soviet film, has instilled a sense of locale and personage, but which, through overstress, has betrayed some pictures into populism.

This setting received Pudovkin. After an apprenticeship of six years, in which time he directed *The Mechanics of the Brain*, an elementary lesson in conditioned reflexes, and had experimented in enacting a film from film-fragments of Capablanca *the Chess-Player*, he realized *Mother*. This picture placed its director foremost in the Mejrabpom studio, and with Eisenstein the leader of the Soviet kino, and made him a world-figure, although the film has never been exhibited in the United States.

Mother is the bridge-film into the present. Eisenstein, in denying flagrant individualism, had declared the mass as hero and the

documentary as authentic. Pudovkin, a man of more humane and less abstract sympathies, saw the type (not yet the character), and the mass accumulative and representative in him. In *Mother* there is fusion; the film remains the archetype for the picture of revolutionary *development*, as contrasted to the film of revolutionary *climax*, the Eisenstein contribution. In the figure of *Mother*, Pudovkin concentrates the mass-accumulation from denial to assertion. In his following films a similar development transpires: the peasant-youth in *The End of St. Petersburg*, the Mongol in *Storm over Asia*. Where the mass in the narration is close to the figure, the development is controlled so that its general historical meaning is conveyed; where the mass in the narration is at a distance from the figure, the historical meaning is less assured and a partially populist type is presented; in *Storm over Asia* what is intended as a condemnation of imperialism becomes an antic show. The mass-accumulation in the Mongol is not organic but declarative on the part of the director. He has preserved the formula of sequence, but not converted it in the relationships of the film. Pudovkin improved the conception of the individual in the revolutionary film when he superseded the pantomimist with the type, and at the same time prevented the film's being monopolized by the mass-documentary legalism of Eisenstein. The type—the figure—is emphatically pronounced in *Mother*, because it is pivotal and the relationship between it and the mass is sustained dialectically. That is to say, as the mass advances into a revolutionary body, the figure is experiencing the transformation which is the historical evolution of the mass. Thesis—the apathy of the old order—is negated by the antithesis —the awakened consciousness—to the synthesis in the assertion of the new. In *The End of St. Petersburg*, Pudovkin covered a larger canvas, and there are great lapses wherein the figure loses its pivotal rôle because the mass has become rather an arena than a concurrence which flows into the figure. The first part of the film, the thesis portion, is the best, because here the director had but to set the figure and not to set it in motion. By origin Pudovkin is a provincial from Pensa, the district in which *The End of St. Petersburg* begins and from which the dialectic figure derives. In *Storm over Asia* the figure is set rather in a showman's field than on the field of battle. It is a remarkable program-picture, exciting but not revealing. The figure has become an effigy.

In the preparation of the scenarios of *Mother* and *St. Petersburg* Pudovkin had the same scenarist, Nathan Zarchi. The opening of the latter film is struck in the same mood as the former. Between the former and latter film, *montage* had been exaggerated from an emphasis into a determinant; from *St. Petersburg* to *Storm over Asia* it was inflated into an entirety. The exaggeration was forced by a number of conditions: the glamorous position held by the Soviet cinema beyond its own borders, the domination of the Soviet kino by intellectuals and art-centered persons, the impetus of a new art encouraged by a new society. When Ivan Anisimov condemns Eisenstein's predilection for the immense, he fails to indicate that this is one individual's articulation of a general attitude. This attitude is not solely fetichist, the idolatry of physical dimensions, it is also a result of the vanguard rôle of the Soviet cinema in the cinema *per se*. The error is one of ill-balance. The correction of the ill-balance is only just now taking place. The self-conscious attitude of the film-makers had to be transferred to a consciousness of the social material, and directors had to be provided from within the new organism.

In Zarchi, Pudovkin had a scenarist much closer to the core of the social material than Brik, his scenarist in *Storm over Asia*. The inspiration for this film is the primitive, populist American western, an inspiration whetted by the "Doug" Fairbanks of his early elastic period. It does not base its stature on experience but on concoction (which places it in the American umbra) and is lavish but not exact in its specifications. Pudovkin undoubtedly enjoyed the indulgences allowed him by O. Brik, Majakovsky's critical guide; the film does bask in a bland sun. Because of this largesse, Pudovkin tends along the path of least resistance: the path of antic histrionism, of propagandistic reduction, of the extramural figure-of-speech, of mastery—not of the sense but of the sound, the smoke but not the flame of battle. Certainly no more remarkable onslaught has been achieved than that which concludes *Storm over Asia*. Always peerless in his command of scene-duration and alternation (long-distance with close-up, etc.), he produces sequences that are emotionally disturbing, as in the episode where the soldier takes the Mongol to shoot him. But these are not entity.

Storm over Asia is the natural evolution of the preoccupation with performance. Pudovkin, the sentimental intellectual who came to the motion picture from the level of disdain, made films because he "liked" to make pictures, as a colleague of his once

said. His attachment to the human figure invests his first two dramatic films with mood. The revolutionary artist has a threefold aim: to expose, to impel and to sustain. Pudovkin has revealed himself as an artist who can sustain the fervor he impels. *The End of St. Petersburg,* for all its lapses of grandeur, departs from the screen but not from the experience of the beholder. There it remains an intimate promise. More so is this true of *Mother,* whose rhetoric is self-contained and full-bodied. Commentators have been fond of quoting Moussinac to the effect that Pudovkin's films resemble a song and Eisenstein's a cry. This comparison and contrast is an epigrammatic convenience that will not bear analysis. The singer of the Soviet film is Alexander Dovzhenko. Yet *Mother* has the resonance and compactness of song. The Dutch critic Hoyer calls it a hymn (and *Potemkin* a march-song). *Storm over Asia* would therefore be "The Song of the Dawn," externally heroic, internally only a typical yarn. It is the enlargement of a gesture. In its enlargement there is, of course, handsomeness, especially of setting, there are verve and melodramatic ominousness. Occasionally there are scenes of intimacy, such as the episode of the partisan-commander's wife. But having accepted a political reality in terms of an hypothesis, an acceptance encouraged by the preoccupation with performance (*montage* or antic histrionism), Pudovkin was beguiled into the demonstration of externals. He may have wished to drive in the knowledge of the manoeuvres of imperialism; what he conveyed was only a series of pictures of manoeuvres, which in their turn were driven out by the impact of the melodrama and antic play. The few instances of poignant exposure, such as the reluctance of the soldier commanded to shoot the Mongol, and of sardonic commentary, the bandaged "Heir to Jenghiz Khan" in full dress and the regalia of the imperialist governor simulating the man (a reminiscence from a similacrum-photo of Chaplin and the ministerial table in *Ten Days*), are not sufficiently resistant to overcome the impact. The hypothetical narrative leads to a grossness in the representation of the hierarchy as a slobbering infant. The Soviet film has established at least one rule of selection, that the most convincing and not irreducible instance shall prevail. That is an objective rather than sentimental approach. Not always has this rule been observed, especially in the selection of enemy-types. But the Dickensian caricature is a thing of the past, now that the proletarian-minded artist has entered the cinema, and the Soviet society has matured. Pudovkin's attachment to the

human scene has been his personal substitute for objectivity; even in the portrait of the industrialist Lebedev in *The End of St. Petersburg,* he presents, if not the person in full, at least the type in its basic social motivation. But in *Storm over Asia,* the human materials are distant from him, and he correlates them in formula. The rôle of the clergy is exhibited as a crudity, when the priest-healer tries to seize the silver fox from the young hunter. (This scene and others are not without the influence of Eisenstein, who is partially responsible also for Pudovkin's performance preoccupations.) Subterfuge and inveiglement are only once indicated and then in terms of palpable pretense, at a moment of crisis: the governor's dissemblance in the temple when he is informed of the disturbance. In brief, Pudovkin has reduced the process to the machinations of the show. In his two earlier films, the dialectic figure is nourished by a totality in which he is an element; in *Storm over Asia* the dialectic figure is isolated until the moment his process is completed, which renders him abstract, an actor. Hoyer finds the influence of Freud, whom Pudovkin has studied, in the transmutation of the Mongol, but this change is only a more vivacious re-enactment of the apprehension of villainy conventional in the folk-film.

In *Mother* and *St. Petersburg,* Pudovkin was still being supplied with social, human data from his own memory, a memory as close to the current society as the events of the films themselves. He was within the experience of his material, and though he did not view this experience objectively (he is, as Hoyer says, "no ideologue"), he was safeguarded by the thoroughness of that experience. That is why he set the example for the mass-individual in the Soviet film. But when he came to *Storm over Asia,* a material distant in its evidences, he gave over a large portion of the film to an ethnographic record of a ritual not built into the dramatic film, because this ritual was one thing tangible in the material. The film is constructed by an impresario. The impresario-approach has beginnings before *Storm over Asia.*

Kuleshov, with whom Pudovkin was associated in his first enterprises, has been his teacher with the pointer. But the lesson on the blackboard had been inscribed by David Wark Griffith, in *Intolerance* particularly. *Intolerance* had first appeared serially in Russia in 1918. Griffith possessed a fine quantitative sense, and, in addition, the feeling for the qualitative overtone that issues from the quantitative build-up. He could anticipate the quality in the progression of the imprinted film. This quality, of course,

expressed Griffith's values, his sentimentalisms. Pudovkin, because of a psychological resemblance to Griffith, as well as because of influences from Kuleshov and earlier Soviet directors (and under the tantalizing pressure of the quizzical and authoritative Eisenstein) was encouraged in his deficiencies: the figure-of-speech that departs from the boundaries of the particular film (a conceit), the oversimplification of performance (mincing in Griffith, antic sobriety in Pudovkin), and the relaxation of the social theme. However, it is not necessary to maintain the Griffith-Pudovkin analogy too closely or too long. One might make a more important identification of Abel Gance the Frenchman with Griffith the American and prove it is not primarily America but the bourgeoisie that has produced Griffith. The positive influence of Griffith on Pudovkin is that of example in kind. Kuleshov is the finger on the electric button, but the electric system is the Soviet society. There is also the influence of Pavlov.

Kuleshov called attention to a self-evident fact, known in practice but not in principle: that the film is a progression composed of intensive units. The progressive composition is *edited* into existence. The French used a theatrical rather than publicistic term, *montage*, which was rendered international by the Russians. To explain, as Montagu quotes Pudovkin, "the fertility of Russian cinematographic theory by the fact that in early years after the revolution there was a shortage of raw film" is to be naïvely deterministic. The shortage of raw film provided an opportunity for research, but the society provoked it. Pavlov provided an authority in science for an approach to the audience. *Montage* and reflexology encouraged experimentation that was not haphazard, an experimentation that had a point to start from and an end to reach. But it was the social need that commanded this experimentation. *Montage* would not have been developed were there not a profound idea and its tangible expressions to enact. *Montage* therefore became a special kind of editing ("constructive editing," it has been called) and no longer was it editing in general. However, because of the concentration on method, a confounding occurred, of *montage* with cinema. This was so much the case that Eisenstein, in speaking of the forms of cinema, talks of "the four categories of *montage*." One recalls William Carlos Williams' dictum: "Rhythm is the poem." Pudovkin, in the introduction to the German edition of his manual on *Film Technique*, declares peremptorily: "The foundation of film art is *editing*." But—the film-progression is by no means the entire film.

Eisenstein is aware of this, and in his categories of *montage* includes as the penultimate the *tonal*—light, etc. Pudovkin, in will be observed, does not say, ". . . film art is editing," but that its "foundation . . . is editing." However, in the overstress of his work he has contributed to the confusion, and has himself been victimized. At the present time, when the great need in Soviet Russia is the penetration of the new social values as expressed in the new social conduct, he is busy with "new *montage* experiments."

No more valuable "book of practice" has been prepared for the novice in cinema than Pudovkin's manual on "Film Technique." It must be accepted, however, not as a work containing the laws of cinema, but as a volume of elementary discipline in the art. It should not, on the other hand, be grouped with the numerous books on "how to make movies." The manual was originally one of a series of handbooks published by the Russian film-publishing house. Pudovkin had not yet produced *The End of St. Petersburg*, and the work is at the acute point of contact with Griffith, Kuleshov, and Pavlov. It is bound to the associative practice set by Kuleshov and ennobled by Pudovkin in *Mother*, and whatever faults this practice may possess, it is well that a manual should base itself upon it, rather than upon the speculations of Eisenstein. Unfortunately, when the book reached the shores of Albion it was transfigured into gospel, although the translator did preface it with the remark that "Pudovkin is no Aristotle." This, sadly enough, was not read as a warning.

There are, in the book, frequent instances of Pudovkin's determinism. Since, however, these instances relate generally to matters of immediate practice, rather than to a conclusive point-of-view, they may be taken as rules of discipline. For instance, the statement that "a film more than seven thousand feet long already creates an unnecessary exhaustion" should be refuted if one looked upon it as categorical. In the sentence preceding the one quoted Pudovkin invites such refutation: "Cinematography is, before anything else, limited by the definite length of a film." But we can overlook the remark and simply take what follows as a guide but not a restriction. Farther in the volume, he says: "The film spectator has no time to savor words." A very terse stipulation well put, explained further by Pudovkin's observation that the title must reach the spectator "in the course of the process of being read." Yet savoring a title is not obviated temporally; savor is also a question of the quality of title. In *The End of St. Peters-*

burg, Pudovkin repeats certain titles, place-names, for instance, in conjunction with words that present changes in the status of people, from "native" to "worker." The very repetition, a temporal device in part, is a savory. The titles in *Potemkin* are even literary, their suggestions color the visual image. However, the advice, as put by Pudovkin, is an essential guide, as indeed is the "ideal" of a captionless film. But the movie is in its evolutionary nature a compound medium in which the *literary* legend plays a part. What would Pudovkin say to the savoring of the spoken word? And to the savoring of the superimposed translation of the spoken word? In 1929 he was bespeaking the attitude of a group of Russian directors who anticipated the sound-film in a contrapuntal envisualization. Thus, they argued, the film would remain international. But for the revolutionary artist the internationalism of an art should reside not in its form but in its content. Stalin's principle of an art "proletarian in content, national in form" is an international principle. Certainly, contrapuntal sound-sight composition would enrich the cinema (indeed it has already enriched it), but the Russian group derived counterpoint from an emergency situation (again the narrow deterministic viewpoint), the apparent separation of lip-movement from oral utterance. Soon after, the identification of the two became secure. Such compounding may be a first junction, yet it is legitimate and permanent in the cinema, as much so as the close-up, and can be exploited structurally. Fortunately, the Russian sound-film did not wait until these authorities became active, although their absolutism may have thwarted a direct presentation of sound and speech because the masters were expected by the world outside to discover a momentous even absolute collaboration of the two sensory appeals. In the meantime the Soviet sound-film has achieved what is not negligible, the relevant orchestral score in the composition of a Dmitri Shostakovitch and the animated films, and speech as profound as their visual image. Dialogue is not alien to the compound cinema. Its use depends on the requirements of the subject-matter, which determine the structure of the entire film. The sound film, including the film of speech, has extended the cinema, in spite of inimical biases and nefarious monopolies, because it has permitted more difficult themes and encouraged production nationally. That this encouragement has not been supported is due to the fact that nationalism, rampant in the bourgeois world today, is the corruption or denial of nationality. But in the U.S.S.R., where autonomous

nationality exists, we may expect a diversified expression of the proletarian theme. The universal appeal of medium is a merchandise-value; or, an incident of the more naïve compulsive propaganda, a first outcry. The level of political appreciation and cultural satisfaction is much higher today in the Soviet Union (many directors cannot rise to it); the audience has superior critical standards and a facile ritualistic enticement is suspect. The subject-matter is more involved, more delicate, and more individualized, although the themes are recurrent in the social integration.

The seriousness of the problem was recognized in 1929. It was misinterpreted as a problem of method (the challenge of sound augmented the error), whereas method is a secondary concern issuing from the problem of the social theme. The cart was put before the horse. In that year Pudovkin expressed his dissatisfaction with his method, as well he might, after the blatancies of *Storm over Asia.* A year later he was at work on *Life is Beautiful!* which was to have been a compound film. Since the manifesto on sound-sight counterpoint, Pudovkin had arrived at a decisive acceptance of the compound film to the extent of drastically separating it from the simple or mute film. It is true that the sound-film has been impeded by practicians and theorists still thinking mutely, but the sound-film is an evolutionary growth from the silent and therefore has instructions to draw from it. The plane of correlation is still visual-motor.

On the flatlands of dilemma, Pudovkin discovered the scenarios of Alexander Rjechevsky. They are, in brief, emotional, suggestive —non-technical, literary scenarios. The overwhelming influence of scenarists upon Pudovkin—Zarchi, Brik, Rjechevsky—is itself a reflection of Pudovkin's instability. His discovery of a scenarist led him to "repudiate" his manual on "Film Technique"! This is an hyperbole in which only a soberly naïve person would have indulged. It is true the book was written in his first directorial flush, but it is an essential guide, "an etymological and syntactic grammar," that is still useful. There was no basic error that had to be invalidated because it threatened the social state—or the art of the cinema. Pudovkin was probably incited into this violence by Eisenstein's taunts at his Kuleshovian associative or linkage-editing, the "brick on brick" method.

What did Pudovkin find in Rjechevsky to spellbind him so? The mere absence from the latter's work of technical directorial directives is not in itself tremendous. What is interesting (and

questionable) in Rjechevsky is his literary method, as especially contained in his use of epithets: "At the edge of a naked precipice, under heavy clouds, over endless water—a great river or perhaps blue sea— . . ." Pudovkin thinks "Rjechevsky demands ingenuity"; this assumption is a vagary. In an equivocal phrase like "perhaps blue sea," Pudovkin finds "a precise directive for research and for shooting. . . . A whole *montage*-composition is here given . . . perhaps even the incorporation of other material having no relation to water." The director is evidently enlarging in his mind's eye upon such an associative sequence of unrelated scenes as in *Mother*,* but actually in the last clause he betokens automatism. This continual major preoccupation with *montage* threatens to cast the artist into dissociations or mere pictorialism. The latter is Pudovkin's yield in *Life Is Beautiful!* a project which started out to reveal the new human being in Soviet Russia. That being, of course, is not discoverable in *montage* but in society. It is not accidental that Pudovkin should have reverted to the period of the civil war to get started in his search; he could not meet the character on the scene. Instead of the certainties of his earlier films we are favored with tentatives, sometimes visually beautiful, particularly where the scene contains no human player. And the human player is an effect and not a being. There is a clue to this further deterioration of the effigy in Pudovkin's remarks upon the scenarist: "Rjechevsky's characters are always composed of *types*. His works are always saturated with the *pathetique*. His heroes do not require any preliminary characterizations, nurtured as they are with the true heroism of our times." This is a lyrical, subjective, indeed passive, self-protective conception which bears no relation to the task of revealing Soviet man and his way of life. *Truth is concrete:* character cannot be created in the abstract. And *Life Is Beautiful!* is an abstraction, a static notion as unrevolutionary as the images of Dovzhenko, from whose moods and frames *Life Is Beautiful!* borrows pensiveness if not mists.

* This is a "plastic synthesis" of which Pudovkin has always been proud. "The son sits in prison. Suddenly, passed in to him surreptitiously, he receives a note that the next day he is to be set free. The problem was the expression, filmically, of his joy. The photographing of a face lighting up with joy would have been flat and void of effect. I show, therefore, the nervous play of his hands and a big close-up of the lower half of his face, the corners of the smile. These shots I cut in with other and varied material—shots of a brook, swollen with the rapid flow of spring, of the play of sunlight broken on the water, birds splashing in the village pond, and finally a laughing child."

Pudovkin was not facing the central problem, though his attachment to the new society is indubitable and not inherently abstract. The problem is a personal one, but not quite so deeply personal as Dovzhenko's, and the likelihood is he will surmount it when he recognizes that *montage* and "slow motion" are really academicisms and not vitalities. It is rather that he has been led astray.

The error is not restricted to Pudovkin. It has been described by a newcomer, Macheret, director of *Men and Jobs*: "The cinema has created a certain conditional language which substituted the demonstration of situations for the analysis of relations—a language which was installing the formal-aesthetic value in place of the social value." The insistence on psycho-physiological manipulation of the audience led ultimately to a situation where the audience was impressed with directorial hypotheses rather than with a social idea that was appraisable. The recovery of the theme, says Macheret, depends upon "making man the core of the work," instead of the commodity, in the cinema the tools of cinema, and the avoidance of "an abstract expression." Macheret is probably referring to influences from Eisenstein, but his characterization refers to Pudovkin as well, although *Mother* leads eventually, despite deflections, to man the core. Macheret concludes that the directors strove "to preserve unbroken the harmony between the subjective qualities and the objective predestination of the type," and overlooked, therefore, the process at work in the re-education of the citizen.

This concrete examination of the social material would necessarily lead to precision of relationship and ripeness of differentiation. "The pseudo-classic type" would be superseded by "the living complex man." It is the substitution of the personification for the person that frequently in as monumental a film as Dovzhenko's *Arsenal* turns the heroic into the mock-heroic. The Soviet film in its staunch directness had achieved the symbol in the reality—this was especially true of Eisenstein. This reality-as-symbol could be enlarged from the single reference to an entire social phenomenon, as, for instance, the whole of *China Express*. The documentary approach has provided a method of authentic selection of type. But when the type is compelled to represent an idea, as in Dovzhenko's *Ivan*, the result becomes picturesque and even elegiac, but hardly representative: it can be sung perhaps but not pursued. And in a society non-ritualistic like the Russian, where everyone may possess and apply the

objective measure to an utterance, the disparity between an utterance and its intention becomes a chasm the artist must bridge. That is a brave task, worthy of the artist. Though, in a society where the artist is not burdened with an exceptional and exceptionable position, the audience may be severe in its criticism of the artist's failure, it will preserve him nevertheless, and give him the time and the means to build the bridge. Pudovkin has, for instance, been honored with leadership of the organization of proletarian artists, which is a reflection of popular confidence in an artist who has, for the moment, taken to a byroad. In *Deserter* he may have again re-entered the main highway.

HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN

MUSIC CHRONICLE

MR. GILMAN: THE METROPOLITAN: SIBELIUS

FOR three years Bernard Shaw contributed to the London *World* a weekly commentary on musical events; and these articles have now been published in three volumes of the standard edition of his works ("Music in London 1890-94"; London: Constable & Co.; 6/ a volume). About the brilliance of the writing and its essential soundness and acuteness I may have more to say at another time (though as a matter of fact there is nothing more to say: all one can do in addition is give examples from his articles). What is most important for me right now is the fact that Shaw did his job: he evaded no issues, and he minced no words. This is important to me because in America there is no reviewer who does what he did, or what Ernest Newman still does in London. It is not only the clarity and power of Newman's mind that is remarkable, but its industry. I don't say that he is right all the time; nor do I have to add that being wrong or unpleasant once in a while does not make him anything less than a great critic. What I do say is that as a critic and a reviewer he

does his job. He has a singularly vigorous, active mind, which grapples not only with every question of musical esthetics, history and psychology, but with every issue raised by a concert, a broadcast, a book, a statement by a fellow-critic.

Consider, on the other hand, Lawrence Gilman in New York; and consider him because he is equipped and placed to do, in his own quieter way, what Newman does. As a reviewer Mr. Gilman does not do his job; even as a reviewer he is concerned with other ends. Most of his weekly articles are the essays he writes for the New York Philharmonic and Philadelphia Orchestra program-books; and in these he is, first of all, a scholar, who gives the results of painstaking investigation into the historical background of the work under discussion; and for the rest he is an essayist, concerned with an essayist's—that is, with literary—objectives; an essayist who translates the music into images, contrives touches of delicate humor, and ends with a line from the Upanishads or Maeterlinck; a stylist who composes fine prose in which he expresses a fastidious taste in literature and philosophy, foods and wines. Once in a while he reviews a book, or writes exquisitely about criticism, or humorously about orchestral programs. But he is silent on many occasions where he should speak; and when he speaks he is gracious where he should be outspoken.

One may be sure that if Newman were an American critic he would have had much to say about American broadcasting. Mr. Gilman has said nothing. Newman would have recognized that Walter Damrosch had done valuable spadework thirty and forty years ago when he had made people aware of the mere existence of Beethoven; but he would also have realized that Mr. Damrosch was no longer doing spadework but conducting an orchestra in a highly sophisticated musical center, and that he was doing a great deal of harm in making people think Beethoven was dull, in refusing to yield to more competent conductors, in preferring to allow the New York Symphony Orchestra to go out of existence, and in giving wrong impressions of music, by performance and word, to millions of people instead of thousands, from the broadcasting studio. The harm was twofold: not only that Mr. Damrosch did things badly, but that he kept other men from doing them well; and Newman undoubtedly would have spoken out against it. Mr. Gilman has been silent.

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Newman could not allow the ignorance or silliness of a fellow critic to pass without comment. Mr. Gilman can. He may argue that if the critic of *The Times* tries to play the scholar and makes

a fool of himself, it is not the concern of the critic of *The Herald-Tribune*. But the critic of *The Times* performs a public function; and considering the nature of his function I should say it was at least as important for Mr. Gilman to exercise judgment on him as on a conductor or a singer. Considering the nature of Mr. Gilman's function, I should say it was as much his duty in the one case as in the other. And I should say it was as much his duty as it would be if the incorrect ideas, instead of appearing in *The Times* and being broadcast from WABC, had been published in a book. Mr. Gilman does review books; their contents are his concern; how would he defend his review of Mr. Downes' "Symphonic Broadcasts" (Dial Press; $2.50)? In this review he spoke first of "the largely pretentious and semi-literate gush, rich in ignorance and error," that had disfigured the Philharmonic broadcasts before Mr. Downes' time. Then he quoted from Mr. Downes' book, ending with this passage: "Tchaikovsky was not a classicist. He had not the heroic strength and will of a Beethoven. He spoke in music as one of the insulted and injured. He was all feeling. In his scores he cries out, shakes his fist at the skies, remembers the agony of thwarted love, and the end of every man's desire. Admire such a man, such a neurotic, such a pessimist? I adore him, and rate him a thousand times higher than aesthetes who have never known Tchaikovsky's weakness and terror, who shudder at such emotional indecencies, and pull their skirts together at the sound of them. How can *they* know what Tchaikovsky is saying?" And after this passage—not the worst in the book, by any means, but certainly bad enough—Mr. Gilman wrote: "This is the right note, admirably skillful in its manner of insinuating information, yet never relapsing, even in moments of informality, from the plane of thought and feeling appropriate to a great subject."

Moreover, the reference to the gush and ignorance of Mr. Downes' predecessor was Mr. Gilman's first statement on the subject; and we may ask why he waited so long with his criticism (Newman would have spoken five years earlier). If it was important, as he said, that radio listeners who were hearing symphonic music for the first time should be assisted with correct information and discriminating comment, why did he not speak out when their minds were being filled with ignorance and gush, which also disfigured the broadcasts for more sophisticated listeners? Nor is this the only instance. During the season of 1927-28, in the absence of Mr. Stokowski, the Philadelphia Or-

chestra was led by Fritz Reiner and Pierre Monteux. When Mr. Monteux returned to France at the end of the season he criticised American audiences. To this provocation Mr. Gilman replied with an article in which he explained to Mr. Monteux that American audiences simply were not responsive to the second- and third-rate. Why, then, had his reviews of Mr. Monteux's concerts conveyed a high regard for his conducting? Later, when Mr. Stokowski returned to his orchestra, Mr. Gilman wrote: "In his absence the concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra (let us candidly admit the fact) had not been unbearably brilliant in their musical quality." Why had he not candidly admitted the fact in his reviews of these concerts?

Since Stokowski has got into the discussion it is worth noting that Mr. Gilman has averted his critical eye from all the monkey business that gets Stokowski into the papers, and kept it fixed on the performances. But in his review of the Antheil concert he was so angry at Antheil for the publicity and uproar surrounding the concert that he did not deal adequately with the music, or even deal fairly with Antheil himself. Newman would have been as angry as Mr. Gilman, and might have written as bad, as unjust a review; but he would also have had something left to say about Stokowski's practices, which are more objectionable since they affect the usefulness of an orchestra and a conductor to the community that supports them. For example, the practice of excluding latecomers until the intermission, on the one hand; and on the other hand plunging into a work while people in the balconies are still falling down aisles and banging down seats or still applauding the last work. Or, more important, the business of going in for transcriptions of organ and piano music; for experiments with Oriental scales, sixteenth-tone instruments, or color-organs; and for whatever in contemporary music is most freakish and hiss-provoking—which convinces Mr. Gilman that Stokowski is tireless in his efforts to avoid the beaten path in orchestral literature. What Mr. Gilman fails to recognize, and even refuses to recognize, in Stokowski's case, is that another, more profitable way of getting off the beaten path is to play the valuable or interesting works in the standard literature that conductors neglect; and that this is a way Stokowski does not take: in the standard literature he limits himself to the works that are most frequently played, and to a smaller number, perhaps, than any other conductor. Mozart wrote forty-nine symphonies; and if only a dozen were worth hearing (I don't say that) Stokowski

would still have ten opportunities for getting off the beaten path; for he plays only two, the most frequently played two; or two and a half, since occasionally he adds the E flat Symphony to the G minor and the Jupiter. Other conductors are more adventurous: even Toscanini has been reaching out to early symphonies of Mozart.

And most recently there has been the Metropolitan Opera. Newman, I imagine, would not have been satisfied with Mr. Gatti-Casazza's defense of his policies: that the Metropolitan is not subsidized; that it must pay for itself; that he cannot, therefore, give the operas which would please him and a few highbrows, but must give what his subscribers and the general public are willing to pay to hear, which is not "Pelléas" but "Rigoletto"; and that he does give as many good things as he dares—"Pelléas," for example—and keeps them in the repertory even though they lose money. It would be easier to accept this if the Metropolitan's productions indicated a taste, a passionate desire, in Mr. Gatti-Casazza for the first-rate. Actually every fault that has been pointed out in them leads not to the public but to Mr. Gatti-Casazza. Consider such a detail as cuts in Wagner: have the Wagner enthusiasts who attend the special Wagner cycle insisted that some of the finest pages of "Tristan" be hacked out in order to save about twenty minutes? Or scenery: is it because the public would object that Mr. Gatti-Casazza does not use Jones or Geddes? Or the orchestra: it plays badly not only because it is overworked—the Vienna Staatsoper orchestra is also overworked and plays well—but because it is of poor quality to start with. Is it because the public insists on a poor orchestra that Mr. Gatti-Casazza does not get a good one? The orchestra would play better under a first-rate conductor; the singers would sing better; the productions would have at least unified musical style. Is Mr. Gatti-Casazza afraid of losing subscribers with such a conductor? Or is it that he is a lover of the best only when he selects operas; and only then do his subscribers stand in his way? And as a matter of fact do they stand in his way even then? Would they cancel their subscriptions if Mozart and Gluck were given—that is, given well? And would this necessarily stop Mr. Gatti-Casazza?

One answer is that in prosperous times the Metropolitan could afford to disregard such objections: there were people ready to take up any seats that were released. But there were not likely to be objections. A large part of the Metropolitan's audience does

not care whether it is bored by Ponchielli or Mozart. For those who like fine singing and pretty tunes, Mozart would do as well as Donizetti. Certainly those who like Wagner—and his operas are among the most popular at the Metropolitan—would not object to Mozart or Gluck. And the fact is that "Don Giovanni" packs the house. Also that "Elektra" was one of the hits of the present season; that a special train carried New Yorkers to Philadelphia for "Wozzeck," and that the Metropolitan was packed when Stokowski brought the production to New York—in short, that artistic excellence is almost always excellent box-office, and that if word were to travel that the Metropolitan had put on a first-rate production of "Figaro" or "Magic Flute" or "Orfeo" or any of the operas which it should give and does not, people would crowd into the opera house to hear this phenomenon as they crowd into Carnegie Hall to hear the performances of Toscanini, Koussevitzky and Stokowski.

But suppose something worth while did lose money. In prosperous times the Metropolitan was earning a surplus, and could have afforded to lose on more operas than just "Pelléas." It would have been nobler, and of more benefit to the public, to lose the money on "Wozzeck" than to lose it on "The Sunken Bell" or to spend it on a new overstuffed production of "Aida" (while "Boris Godounov" hung in shreds).

No, there has been nothing in Mr. Gatti-Casazza's way but his own taste, his own timidity, his own complacency. And yet, a week before the first performance of "Elektra," we find Mr. Gilman pointing out that the Metropolitan is not subsidized; that it must pay for itself; that Mr. Gatti-Casazza cannot give what would please him and a few highbrows, but must give what the public will pay to hear, which is not "Pelléas" but "Rigoletto"; that he does give as many good things as he dares—"Pelléas," for example—and keeps them in the repertory even though they lose money; that he is about to give "Elektra," which will not cause the walls of the Metropolitan to burst with the applause of the audience; and so on. It is shocking that Mr. Gilman, who has been realistic enough about the quality of the Metropolitan's productions, should hand his readers Mr. Gatti-Casazza's picture of himself as a sort of realistic idealist who waits until the public isn't looking and then slips in a "Pelléas" or an "Elektra." The important thing about "Pelléas" and "Elektra" is that they were produced in New York by Hammerstein, that all these years they have been staples in European opera houses, and that Mr.

Gatti-Casazza waited until 1925 for one and 1932 for the other.

What is one to say about all this? That Mr. Gilman is gracious, gentlemanly, loyal to his colleagues; that he is out to make happy, contented audiences, critics, conductors and opera directors. But also that he is not doing his job, which is to be critical—even if this means being ungracious, ungentlemanly, disloyal to his colleagues (he owes first loyalty to the people who read him); even if it means making audiences discontented, and critics, conductors and opera directors unhappy. What musical activities need is more discontent in audiences, more unhappiness in critics, conductors and opera directors.

As it happens, Shaw speaks of this very matter. There is, he says, "a deadly enmity between myself and the impresarios; for whereas their aim is to satisfy the public, often at huge risk and expense, I seize on their costliest efforts as the most conspicuous examples of the shortcomings which rob me of the fullest satisfaction of my artistic cravings. They may feel this to be diabolically unfair to them whenever they have done the very utmost that existing circumstances allowed them; but that does not shake me, since I know that the critic who accepts existing circumstances loses from that moment all his dynamic quality. He stops the clock. His real business is to find fault; to ask for more; to knock his head against stone walls, in the full assurance that three or four good heads will batter down any wall that stands across the world's path." And equally to the point is his remark that the critic's "hand should be against every man, and every man's hand against his." That takes care of everything, including Mr. Gilman and myself.

SIBELIUS is no longer being neglected; he is being worse than neglected. Conductors are digging out the feeblest, the dullest, the most barren of his works to set before their audiences—the incidental music for Strindberg's "Swan White," the music for Shakespeare's "Tempest," the symphonic poem "Tapiola"—with the result that people are coming away prejudiced against his very name.

One reason for this is that the critics, in arguing against his neglect, are claiming too much for him—too much even for his best work, and certainly too much for his poorest. Nor am I thinking only of Cecil Gray, whose recent book on Sibelius is not worth anyone's attention, since it cannot be relied on even in questions of fact. Gray creates the universe all over again for

each of his opinions, so that in reading him one is continually having to resist being browbeaten by *ad hoc* generalizations and principles; all of which makes him not only wearisome but unprofitable He lays down criteria for *the* symphonic style which enable him to find Sibelius "in each successive symphony . . . continually approximating ever more closely . . . to the ideal symphonic style." And there are further examples.

He tells us that Sibelius' symphonies are the highest point attained in the form since the death of Beethoven. Indeed they are the only contribution to the form: in his later work Sibelius takes up music where Beethoven laid it down; and one could pass from Beethoven's last works to Sibelius' symphonies without feeling the gap of a century. "I would go even farther," says Gray, "and say that in sheer constructive mastery and intellectual power not even such consummate achievements as the first movements of the 'Eroica' and the 'Choral' can be placed above those of Sibelius' Second, Fourth, or Fifth, and not even beside the gigantic single movement of (his) Seventh, which seems to me to be one of the highest summits to which music has yet attained in these respects." He is speaking only of form; but form is the form of something, of content; and Sibelius hasn't the ideas with which to achieve the form-of-content that Beethoven achieves. The interesting thing, however, is how Gray gets rid of the composers between Beethoven and Sibelius. Some were romantics; then the symphonic style is the classical style *par excellence*; and he shows how each romantic composer sins in one way or another against the symphonic style as he has defined it. On the other hand some were neo-classicists; but they were Germans, and "the Teutonic genius in music, indeed, as in everything else, is pre-eminently lyric, contemplative, philosophic, and fundamentally opposed to the dramatic, the heroic, the epic, which constitute the essence of the symphonic style." The belief that the Teuton excels over other races in large-scale constructive capacity he attributes to an exception like Beethoven; and even then he is not satisfied, but must add that Beethoven was no more a typical German than Goethe was. But earlier he has discussed nationalism in music and said that it is of two kinds. "In the one a specific regional character is deliberately and consciously cultivated by means of . . . folk-songs . . . or by . . . idioms largely based upon the peculiarities to be found in them; in the other it is wholly unconscious and unintentional, the outcome of environment or tradition, latent in the basic thought

rather than in the outward style. . . . Examples of the first type are to be found in the music of the Russian. . . . Five, . . . Smetana, Grieg, de Falla, Bartók, and Kodály, while most other composers betray some degree of nationalism of the second variety. For example, it would obviously be impossible to deny that Palestrina and Monteverde, however different their externals may be, are both nevertheless profoundly Italian, and Bach and Beethoven profoundly German, at bottom."

I have referred to mere questions of fact. Gray describes in the first movement of Sibelius' Second Symphony revolutionary innovations in form, which I have found exist only in his own words. Clearly, he is not worth attention.

But Ernest Newman also makes silly statements. ". . . The surest and quickest way to win adherents for Sibelius is to familiarize the public first of all with his maturest works. Conductors and orchestras will also find this the best line of approach to him, for the simple reason that it is in the later works that they will find the explanation of many a passage in the earliest works that by itself is far from clear; because while it *looks* like music of the usual kind it is in reality something quite different in meaning. It is no use in playing one of the broader lyrical melodies in his first two symphonies as if it were Tchaikovsky or Strauss; . . . The conductor and orchestra who have got to the secret of the last four symphonies and of the splendid 'Tapiola' will then understand what Sibelius is driving at in certain parts of the first two symphonies. . . ." Now one important fact about Sibelius is that his thought is not profound but simple—so simple that some of his themes (the first theme of the Second Symphony, for example) sound like folk-songs. This is important because it means that there is never any difficulty in knowing what he is saying, or whether he is saying anything at all (since there are times when he is saying nothing). There is, then, nothing obscure about the first two symphonies: their content is abundant and clear; and one thing that is clear about it is the difference between Sibelius' own ideas and his occasional derivations from older composers, which are to be expected in a first symphony. If in later works Sibelius eliminates what is not his own, this does not permit or oblige us to deny its presence in the early symphonies and to assume that a passage which sounds like Tchaikovsky is really an obscure form of Sibelius which becomes clear in later works. It is the *Sibelius* of the First Symphony, not the Tchaikovsky, that becomes the Sibelius of the

Fifth. As soon deny the conventional *form* of these early symphonies and assume that it conceals the form of the Fifth or Seventh. Nor is there any secret in "Tapiola": Newman simply cannot accept its evident barrenness, sterility and mere manner; and the difficulty in grasping a content that is not present he ascribes to the fact that the content is especially profound. Hence the secret, essential Sibelius to whom one must penetrate not only in "Tapiola" but in the first symphonies; which amounts to saying that we must read the sterility of "Tapiola" even into the works which are not sterile.

Much the same nonsense is written about the Fourth Symphony, now recorded by Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra (Victor, M-160). This symphony has its strong and its weak pages, which can be distinguished without difficulty; and of the weak ones—for example, in the first movement—we are told that they are enigmatic and difficult to grasp, because of the extreme compression of their content. Gray expresses the accepted view when he writes: "The first movement is unquestionably the most compact and concise movement in symphonic literature. One can think of no other which says so much in such a small space, in so short a time." And Newman: "When his earlier symphonies are feeble . . . it is because he is padding in the Brahmsian manner, merely repeating a phrase at another height or in another key, instead of . . . if need be, leaping boldly from the point he wants to quit to the point he wants to reach. The amazing fourth symphony is a convulsive effort on Sibelius' part to build without the least fragment of mortar, bogus or real. This is a kind of Cyclopean architecture, block being laid on block without any other join than the surfaces of the materials themselves." This sort of thing comes from an unwillingness to believe what is indeed almost incredible: how little Sibelius has to say. With records available anyone can hear for himself that there is no great content compressed into a small space in this movement; that small as the space is, the content is even smaller; that short as the movement is, it contains padding—padding in the Sibelius as well as the Brahms manner. (Why only Brahms, by the way? And why necessarily padding? Wagner repeats a phrase at another height or in another key; so does everyone else. It is one way, in music, of qualifying an idea: when the same melodic contour is produced by different notes there is a difference in meaning.)

The movement begins with an impressive introduction (first half of first record-side) which is built up by repetition of one idea at different levels (in this case not padding, since there is content). The introduction prepares us for something momentous; and in this it is similar to the introduction in the first movement of Brahms' First. The similarity continues, for though Brahms heaves and sweats he does not achieve anything momentous or significant in the rest of the movement; and this is true of Sibelius also. Following the introduction (middle of first side; letter B in the score) there is a heavy snort in the brass (it is, of course, intended as something much more; Mr. Downes would say Sibelius shakes his fist at the skies), which is repeated twice at higher levels without meaning any more the third time than the first (padding this time). The third time it is accompanied by a vehement utterance in the high strings, which provides a conclusion; after which the entire passage is repeated at a different level (no mortar, my eye!). Then a few fragments of ideas, simple and uncompressed; and Sibelius has finished stating his material. Now follows the development (first part of second side; letter E in the score): business of wild waving of arms in the strings, cries in the woodwinds, thunder in the kettledrums—all of it meaning exactly nothing, all of it padding in the Sibelius manner. The snorts in the brass are heard again, with the vehement utterance in the high strings; the fragments of ideas follow; and the movement is over. The second and third movements are somewhat better; the best is the fourth, which, significantly enough, is also spacious.

One need only turn to the records of the Fifth Symphony (Sibelius Society, Volume I, released by Victor) to see that when Sibelius' mind is fertile his thought takes up space, and no myths have to be invented about a compressed, enigmatic content. The volume also includes records of "Pohjola's Daughter," a good work, and "Tapiola." The recording is by the London Symphony Orchestra under Kajanus. Newman tells us that for the real, essential Sibelius we must listen to the 76-year-old Kajanus, not to the mere virtuoso conductor, because Kajanus knows Sibelius' mind. For me Stokowski has the advantage of knowing how to conduct. I think I am likely to get more of the real, essential Sibelius from a performance that is tonally and rhythmically clear, than from one that is blurred in both respects. I suggest that the Sibelius Society try Beecham or Goossens.

An important release is Mozart's D minor Quartet played by

the Flonzaleys (Victor, 7607-8). The performance and recording are good; but there is a cut in the second movement. It occurs during the repetition of an earlier section, and is therefore not disastrous; but it is a cut. Another Mozart item is the Concerto for Flute and Harp, played by Marcel Moyse and Lily Laskine accompanied by an orchestra under Piero Coppola (Victor, M-141). The work is minor, but of interest to the Mozart collector; and it is extremely well played and recorded.

Of Wagner there are several fine releases by Victor. 7681 gives us the conclusion of the scene of Sachs and Walther in Act III, Scene I, of "Die Meistersinger" (Schorr, Melchior, the London Symphony under Heger) and the baptism of the new song (Schorr, the London Symphony under Coates). 7682 continues with the Quintet (Schumann, Melchior, Schorr, Parr, Williams, the London Symphony under Barbirolli), and gives us Sachs' reply to the people's greeting in Act III, Scene II. The singing is very good, but the orchestra is not heard clearly. Stokowski has made a record of the Prelude to Act III which is excellent in tonal quality (1584). 7603 gives us portions of Isolde's narrative from Act I of "Tristan," sung by Frida Leider and E. Marherr-Wagner with the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under Blech. The orchestra is not clear, but otherwise it is a good record. And finally M-161 offers portions of Acts I and II of "Siegfried," supplementing earlier Victor and H.M.V. albums. There are the scenes of Mime alone, Mime and Siegfried, and Mime and the Wanderer, from the first act; of the Wanderer and Alberich, Siegfried and Fafner, and Alberich and Mime from the second act. The artists are Schorr, Melchior, Tessmer for Mime, Habich for Alberich, and Heger conducting the London Symphony. The singing is only one of several things that make this set noteworthy. Another is the recording. In my own experience this is the first example of satisfactory balance between orchestra and singers.

Of Verdi there is a "Traviata" (Victor, M-112) made by members of the Milan Scala Company under Carlo Sabajno. The style is authentic; but the set would be more valuable if the soloists were first-rate. The recording is good.

Beethoven's Second Symphony comes to us recorded by the Vienna Philharmonic under Clemens Krauss (Victor, M-131). The orchestra is better than the conductor, and this comes out in the performance. That is, the tone quality is better than the tempos, for one thing. The recording is very good.

Cortot gives a superb performance, well recorded, of Franck's Prelude, Aria and Finale. I find the music quite without value, but there is Cortot to disagree with me (Victor, M-163). Another fine piano recording is Victor 1596, which gives us Arthur Rubinstein playing the modern music he does best: transcriptions of *Danse rituelle du feu* and *Danse du frayeur* from Falla's "Amor brujo."

Columbia doesn't care enough about my opinions to send me records; but I have heard a friend's set of the Beethoven Violin Concerto recorded by Szigeti. His performance is outstanding; I wish the music were as good. It was in connection with this concerto, I believe, that Newman once pointed out the absurdity of supposing that everything Beethoven wrote must be as good as his best (he seems to have fallen into this absurdity himself in the case of Sibelius). Bruno Walter provides Szigeti with considerably more than the usual accompaniment.

Brunswick is not active at the moment; but there are several older items which I shall speak of later.

B. H. Haggin

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editors,
The Hound and Horn.

Sirs:

Miss Monroe corrects me "on a few facts and dates". She states that Ezra Pound served as foreign correspondent "during the first five (not seven) years". I merely said that Mr. Pound resigned as foreign correspondent in 1919, and this is true. Had I said "seven years", I would have been more nearly correct than Miss Monroe. Mr. Pound is listed as foreign correspondent on the title page of the first volume of poetry and his name disappears after February 1919. This is a period of exactly six years and five months. Again, she says that Mr. Glenway Wescott only "blew in casually now and then". I understand that Mr. Wescott worked in the *Poetry* office for a good part of the year 1921 and possibly during the Winter of 1920. Miss Janet Lewis, she says, "never blew in at all". I believe that Miss Lewis had hardly any influence on the magazine, but I received this information too late to revise my article. I had meant to correct the error in the following issue and apologize for my negligence. Nevertheless, Miss Lewis actually worked in the *Poetry* office for two weeks during June 1919. I can only believe that Miss Monroe's memory is failing.

Again, she also repeats what I had said as if she were correcting me on more points of fact. I credited Mrs. Henderson, as Miss Monroe also does, with "her valuable actual service" during the first years, and in the following sentence I stated that

by 1919 Mrs. Henderson was only a nominal editor. Despite the fact that I carefully followed Miss Monroe's account as she has outlined it many times before, she devotes a paragraph of her letter to rehearsing the matter, implying that here, too, I had been in error. And yet I understand that, from 1916 to 1922, Mrs. Henderson carried on an extensive correspondence with the *Poetry* office, and even read manuscript. If, during this period, Miss Monroe printed Mrs. Henderson's name in a spirit of courtesy, I see no justification for her persistent and public regret of her courtesy.

Again, I said that she had early recognized Wallace Stevens and had praised him adequately, yet curiously ignoring my compliment she quotes and attacks the following passage in which I said that she could not discriminate between the quality of Stevens' poetry and of Lindsay's. This also is true. Miss Monroe, apparently, has no stomach for qualified praise.

Yours,

J. V. Cunningham

BOOK REVIEWS

ORTEGA Y GASSET

THE REVOLT OF THE MASSES. *By José Ortega y Gasset. Authorized translation from the Spanish. W. W. Norton and Company, Inc., New York.* 1932. $2.75.
THE MODERN THEME. *By José Ortega y Gasset. Translated from the Spanish by James Cleugh. W. W. Norton and Company, Inc., New York.* 1933. $2.00.

NO COUNTRY in Europe occupies as anomalous a position as Spain. At a time when Europe and the rest of the Western world have been veering away from the Enlightenment of the eighteenth century and the promising shibboleths of the nineteenth, Spain has a revolution of the 1848 type. And precisely at the time when some of our most sensitive men of culture are turning to Spain for some inkling of traditional European values, for long obscured—writers like Waldo Frank, Archibald MacLeish, Ernest Hemingway, among us; Marcel Schwob, Legendre, Jean Cassou, among the French; and the new German school of modern philology, like Vossler, Hatzfeld, Leo Spitzer, Ludwig Pfandl—we are witnessing the strange spectacle of a Spaniard, Señor Ortega y Gasset to be exact, addressing our world on current European cultural problems. Spaniards who, unlike Santayana, have been educated in the Peninsula have not been in the habit of espousing European culture in its totality. Señor Ortega and Señor Madariaga are the two outstanding examples of a new orientation in the spiritual life of Spain. Handicapped by her historical preferences since the Counter-Reformation, Spain in so far as she *willed* to be divorced from the new attempts at the creation of new preferences, deliberately cut herself off from the intellectual and

material actualities of the West. For over a hundred years Spain has had to resolve the agonizing problem of how far she was to renounce the closely-knit traditions of her glorious past in order to utilize what had been for three centuries the patrimony of the rest of Europe. The fight between the traditionalists and the innovators seems almost settled in favor of those who champion the cause of the West, thanks to the brilliant work of a whole generation of writers, artists, and men of action. This generation, that began to function about 1898, had the unpleasant task of pointing out why in 1898 Spain, territorially speaking, was at the same point she had been in 1492. Among the chief causes for Spain's decline was the severance from the new sources of power in the West. At first Miguel de Unamuno sided with those Spaniards who saw national salvation in the adoption of the scale of values that had proved pragmatically so successful; but later, frightened by the consequences of incorporating the European ethos into his own life and that of his nation, he repudiated with passion his first adherence and began tragically to discern the values of ancestral Spain, and to cultivate them without regard to practicality or the dictates of reason. Beginning his career fifteen years or so later, Señor Ortega, on the other hand, gave himself completely to the cause of European culture and he has not, up to the present, been claimed by racial cultural atavism.

The vogue his *The Revolt of the Masses* is enjoying in this country (the book is now in its fifth printing) naturally solicits an explanation as to why of all modern European essayists Ortega y Gasset has had such an enthusiastic reception here. To judge him on the merits of this book and even of the better translated one *The Modern Theme* would be to cast a serious doubt on the mentality of our popularizers as well as to undervalue the solid achievement of Ortega in the cultural history of the Hispanic world. Ortega must be seen in his own background. The Spanish phase in him is rich, and his claims for being considered of first rank rest there and not on his right to be one of the few intellectual peers of modern Europe, as Ernst Curtius complimentarily said of him.

We would have to search far and wide in the Western world for an intellectual to measure up to the multifarious aspects manifested by the personality of Ortega y Gasset. A simple enumeration of his activities can but hint at the complexity of the man. He has been a university professor of metaphysics for about twenty years; he founded one of the *good* reviews of our

times, the *Revista de Occidente* (1923); as head of the publishing division of this monthly he has made available in Spanish some of the suggestive and exciting books of this generation, particularly emphasizing the Germans, Franz Brentano, Simmel, Hussrl, Hegel, Max Scheler, Spengler, etc.; he has organized more than one political society for elevating the political thinking of his countrymen (the last political organization sponsored by him helped to entrench the second Spanish Republic in power); above all these activities stands what best characterizes him—the born writer. Besides lectures and the improvised brilliant conversations of his *tertulias*, the genre he cultivates almost exclusively is the essay. With Unamuno he has brought into extensive popularity this type, so abundant in French and English literature and yet ever so rare in Spanish letters. The teacher, the founder of institutions, the orator, and the writer all coalesce into a personality of fine texture. He has served his country well, and has worked to subminister to the cultural needs of his people. In the Spanish-speaking world, Señor Ortega's influence has been very extensive and deep. As a popular lecturer, Argentina had him twice: he knows how to appeal to the elect. According to Señora Ocampo, he was responsible for weaning away the Gallicized minds of the people of her country from the slavish imitation of things French, by showing how Spanish could be used as an exquisite instrument to express the subtlest of thoughts and the most refined of feelings.

The contribution Ortega has made to Spanish prose constitutes a chapter that belongs exclusively to the history of Hispanic culture. He has created a style for himself, free of pomposities and oratorical verbosities. His vocabulary is free of *popularisms* so abundant in Spanish. Unamuno who has sunk his roots deep in the "intra-history" of his people has gone out of his way to incorporate in his writings the peasant vocabulary of archaic regions of the Peninsula. Whereas Ortega, by denuding Spanish prose of an overabundance of idiomatic coins and proverbial sententiousness, has made it possible for thought to travel much faster than through the medium of traditionalistic writing. His influence in the writing of prose has even modified the style of Spanish erudition.

Goaded by the disastrous conditions of his country at the turning-point of the new century, Ortega, like many others of his generation, entered the fighting lists, intent upon regeneration. He saw the dangers of a Spain keeping aloof from the problems and preoccupations of the West. He went to Germany to com-

plete his studies. So enamoured was he of German Kultur that in his fine book *Meditaciones del Quijote*, he deplores the fact that the German in him was not permitted to come to the surface by the accretions of Mediterranean cultures. Biased by German metaphysics and particularly dazzled by the achievements of German science, he gave his whole energy to the encouragement of Western culture as elaborated in Germany. (During the World War, he was on the side of the Allies. The explanation is not far to seek: he did not admire the political and civic virtues of the Germans.)

With assiduity he diagnosed the Spanish ethos in essays that won him intellectual leadership. The two chief ideas contained in *The Revolt of the Masses*, for example, are in full evidence in his much attacked book *Spineless Spain* (*España Invertebrada*): (a) The way a modern nation comes into existence is not merely through force but through the presentation of an attractive program of common endeavor. (b) A society is possible only when the masses are docile to the evident superiority of the minorities. According to his thesis, Spain had lost her all because in reality she had not had, like the rest of Europe, an authentic feudal system in the Middle Ages, from which she might have developed a hierarchical society with an aristocracy of merit. The absence of feudalism in Spain made it possible for the untutored people, the Spanish masses, to direct her historical destinies. Señor Ortega did not mean to be paradoxical in his historical theory on the causes of Spanish decadence. As a propounder of historical theories without a deep specialization in the history of his people, Señor Ortega was running against the historical thinking of Spain's most solid and sober scholar, Ramón Menéndez Pidal. No one questions the truth of the matter stated by Ortega, it is one of those common truths known to all familiar with the matter; that is to say, that Spanish history and culture distinguish themselves by the preponderance of the *popular* elements in them. Señor Ortega habitually confounds two distinct categories of analysis. When he describes a fact, he either tinges it with positive feelings of expansiveness and approval, or he commits the opposite error of disparaging the theme under consideration. *Life* is an example of the first class and the *popular* in Spanish cultural history in the second. For Señor Ortega, the absence of the elect in Spanish life explains disagreeable aspects of Spanish history. At this point, Don Ramón Menéndez Pidal, in his monumental work on the Cid (*La España del Cid*, 2 vols., 1929) intervenes with a

neat analysis of the concepts "popular", "plebeian" and "select minorities". Essentially popular products, say, the *romancero* or balladry of Spain, the Spanish theatre, and the discovery and conquest of America, would be of no value, according to Ortega's theory, because they are ostensibly popular products. But "popular" is not equivalent to "common" or "vulgar". Themes and movements initiated by the people (who include the masses and the minorities) call forth the best efforts of the elect who anonymously lend their superior talents to the development and elaboration of what did not commence with them. The select minorities are not necessarily to be identified with the people in power; the real creators are individuals scattered in the body politic, not necessarily enjoying particular political or societal advantages.

Whether or not Don Ramón Menéndez Pidal completely destroys the thesis of Ortega as to the absence of select minorities in Spanish culture is debatable; but he has certainly corrected the distorted vision of Señor Ortega whose ideas of minorities sprang from his close reading of Nietzsche and other German philosophy. In *The Revolt of the Masses* he enlarges upon his main contention: He starts with an excellent definition of the genuine aristocrat. The real aristocrat demands most of himself, gives most of himself, and needs no external force to make him aim at higher levels of attainment. The masses are the undifferentiated people who follow the line of least resistance, give the minimum of themselves, expect little of their talents. Thinking that he had already won the elect of Spain in favor of European culture, Ortega turned away with amazement and revulsion when he discovered the masses of Europe in stampede, in control of institutions and places of amusement without possessing any special qualifications. The new "vertical barbarians" have multiplied considerably in a hundred years and, disregarding the demands of the normative, have vulgarized everything they have touched. As a result, European society is in danger. Pure science and technology on the one hand, and the ideas of political democracy on the other, have been the cause for the peculiar phenomenon of people demanding their own way in the world without any corresponding sense of responsibility.

The suspicion that nothing new is to be detected in the analysis of Ortega is justified. Scattered through this book are to be apprehended some original ways of stating familiar matter. Especially suggestive is the idea of security and insecurity. Peoples everywhere and always have been nurtured in an atmosphere of inse-

curity, of apprehensive dangers of all kinds. Our mechanical culture has lulled that sense of dread in people, and consequently everybody has developed the sense of expecting the promises of Industrial Civilization to be fulfilled continuously. Yet European society with all its good things—enhanced power in industry as well as in life, the wider distribution of well being, the availability of many objects to more classes—depends on a small class of people who know and who are the very substructure of that society. Towards the people that know how to do things and how to invent things for modern technology, toward the people who can rule and make others do what they would not otherwise do but would have to do if they knew what was at stake, the *mass-man* has no respect, no encouraging attitude of submission. The very material things the modern man enjoys are bound up with that delicate mechanism of select minorities. People who sacrifice themselves for the commonweal are few in number. Eliminate them and your whole society collapses. And scientists and technologists, through the viciousness of overspecialization, have been the best representatives of the new barbarians. Their barbarism consists in not having a close contact with the whole; yet because the specialists know their little corner well they are not to be entirely deprecated.

Without analyzing the deep-lying causes of the revolt of the masses, Señor Ortega, carried away by the associations suggested by the subject, devotes a third of his book to the loss of European hegemony and its causes. The question of leadership waylaid him into other fields. We must not forget that Ortega wrote this book for newspaper readers (The newspaper he wrote for, *El Sol,* had a different task to fulfil from our news-sheets) and the problem of a European confederation or union being a burning issue, be connected two themes apparently suggestive of each other. European countries have lost their relative position but Europe as a whole is richer, more vital, full of great possibilities. A nation is a program of action; a united Europe with a new program will perform higher achievements. Ortega contends that this talk of a break-down in Europe reveals misunderstanding.

The "revolt of the masses" which distresses Señor Ortega is paralleled by the insurgence of the elect against some of the fundamental tasks incumbent upon them. M. Benda, among many others, had already called our attention to the treason of the Levite (Santayana's happy translation for *clerc*) for neglecting the eternities for the fluidities of current opinion and interest, his over-

preoccupation with the temporal order. Ortega firmly and naïvely believes that he and his kind are not culpable for the present state of affairs. With the superiority that is all his, he damns the specialists' narrowness of outlook and their indocility to the demands of culture as a whole. Fragmentariness is deplorable, notwithstanding its worth; yet a recognition of the just criticisms he makes against the absence of obedience to the higher values among the masses in general and among specialists in particular, tends to blind the reader so that he overlooks the very structure of the Spanish philosopher's thinking. Ortega's unawareness of weaknesses in his thinking is forcibly illustrated in his earlier book *The Modern Theme.*

If Señor Ortega were merely an author who surreptitiously introduced into his essays some ideas of questionable validity, we would not have bothered to trace them to their sources. But he maintains that he is a thinker *au courant* with the "vital sensibility" of our times, and as a discerner of what our needs are he presents his wares to us. A minute analysis of the principal ideas integrating the two books translated into English, not to mention the bulk of his work in Spanish, has convinced me that there is no novelty in what he has to say. Were he not so eager to claim originality for some of his ideas, this charge would not have been made. Originality in thought is of less value than authenticity. Nietzsche and Bergson are his masters on the values of Dionysus and the *élan vital;* Franz Brentano gives him his ideas on the chief nature of mental acts—their being intentional directions of the mind toward objectives; his notions on the "assessive faculty" of man and on the hierarchy of values, in short, his axiological stand is directly traceable to Max Scheler and his school.

There are ideological preferences in Ortega that seduce by their ease and charm of expression; there is little danger in their being destructive of anything that has not already been destroyed. Clad in good rhetoric, they give the reader the feeling of understanding what is at issue without in any way helping him to see the consequences of what is offered him for acceptance.

The intellectual stand of Ortega is objectionable on two grounds: his preferences are not necessarily to be chosen over others with more right to be accepted on account of their truth; and an examination of his values does not reveal the use they can serve in

building up responsible persons for a more settled society. Here is a sample of the chief errors:

(a) The exaltation of life in general, without any specifications as to the best type of life. Reason is a fragment of life, "afloat on the sea of primeval vitality." The priority of life proves its excellence. Ideas, principles are good in so far as they are of value to life. Life is spontaneity. Everything of an objective nature like reason, culture, is only a "pretext invented by vitality for its own use, just as an archer seeks a target for his arrow" (*The Modern Theme,* p. 72). In contrast, his people for centuries considered *death* the essential aspect of existence. This idolatry of mere vitality at the expense of reason, so much exploited by German thinkers, and their modern Spanish disciple is both religiously and rationally speaking disintegrating.

(b) *Hodiernism,* the feverish concern with the latest as of more promise and better in every respect than what has prevailed in the past, vitiates Ortega's thought. He has been on the look-out for all signs of a new day in art, in literature, and in thought. His generous recognition and appreciative assessment of the new in art and literature, in Spain and abroad, is perhaps his finest contribution to our age. Aberrations in these fields may be misleading and eventually harmful, yet they are not so deleterious as in the realm of thought on matters of greater import. Ortega's penetrative essay on Proust ("Time, Distance and Form in Proust" in *The European Caravan*), his splendid defense of the formalistic experimentation in modern art, which he called dehumanization (see part of this essay in The Symposium, No. 2) and his analysis of the sensibility of Spanish authors like Azorín and Baroja, are perhaps derivative of his main idea that the best in our age is worthy of our attention and participation, for we are our world and ourselves. Participation in the productivity of our age is necessary. But when this habit of giving oneself to the latest is carried into thinking, where time is immaterial, the viciousness of *hodiernism* is potent. *Hodiernism* and its implications lead him to accept uncritically the rivals of reason, life, intuition, sensibility, historicism.

(c) His emphasis upon non-rational elements as revelatory of truths and suggestive signposts for our guidance in life, is confusing and ambiguous. His ideas on "vital sensibility" show the inadequate capacity for straight thinking in Ortega: Prior to any achievements, people who come into their adulthood ready to act in

society belong to specific generations characterized by an emotional predisposition toward objects and ideas. History is not made by the masses nor by the individual of exceptional qualities, but by a crossing of the two, the generation. Generations seem mysteriously constituted and are somewhat conditioned toward the cultivation of some values to the exclusion of others. Each generation, according to this reasoning, is called to fulfil certain tasks. "But generations like individuals sometimes fail in their vocation, and leave their mission unachieved. *There are in fact generations which are disloyal to themselves and defraud the cosmic intentions deposited in their keeping*" (italics are mine). Here is a mystification of thinking; the intuited notion about the sentimental predisposition of segments of historical time is made the basis for unwarranted conclusions. What is there in the "vital sensibility" that is so sacrosanct that it must be obeyed as if it were a message from some divinity? If generations can be false to their vitalistic inheritance, what is there to tell them they are in the wrong? Vitalistic certainties unclarified by thought are the very opposite of sanity. Señor Ortega, despite his high esteem of himself as a constructive force in modern Europe, is with his intellectual equipment a force for confusion, and hence to be repudiated.

M. J. Benardete

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

BAYLE THE SCEPTIC. *By Howard Robinson. Columbia University Press. New York,* 1931. $4.25.
SCIENCE AND SUPERSTITION IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. *A Study of the treatment of Science in two Encyclopedias of 1725-1750. By Philip Shorr. Columbia University Press. New York.* 1932. $1.50
THE HEAVENLY CITY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY PHILOSOPHERS. *By Carl L. Becker. Yale University Press. New Haven, Conn.* 1932. $2.00

THE eighteenth century has always been the favorite century of the later nineteenth and the early twentieth. It is the attraction of like to like for we find here, as we suppose, for the first time, the sceptical and ironic spirit dear to our hearts, the scientific approach which we approve, the secular kindliness known as humanitarianism which appeals to our intelligence and the beginnings of those psychological preoccupations which fascinate us. The eighteenth century has been for us the golden age to which most ages look back with admiration and envy as to a perfect childhood in which they recognize their best-loved qualities in their vigorous youth, before they have become vitiated by experience or disintegrated in disillusion. In the eighteenth century scepticism had not yet become sceptical of itself or doubt turned inward. Doubt was constructive then. It looked beyond itself and was hopeful. It cleared the ground so that the strong social and

moral passions which were as typical of the eighteenth century as its negations could have free play. Ideologically we are still in the eighteenth century though fast growing out of it, but because of what lingers in us of that past in which for the first time an intellectual language congenial to us was spoken, we look back upon it with tenderness and delight and a certain amount of misunderstanding. Much of this misunderstanding as to its nature existed in the eighteenth century itself. It took great pride in its enlightenment and looked with scorn upon those ages in which the Church held sway, in which men believed the wrong things. But just as we are rooted in eighteenth century rationalism and individualism, in spite of the bitter fruits of the machine age, of which we have eaten and lost our innocence, so the eighteenth century was far closer to the despised Middle Ages than it could have believed. There was also a good deal of the eighteenth century in the Middle Ages—in all past ages which the fixation of eighteenth century thought on the Renaissance and the great Pagan periods of culture prevented it from discovering.

The eighteenth century, indeed, had everything. And this is what makes its real richness and fascination. All the past was contained in it and all the future. It began with Louis XIV and ended with the Revolution. It began with classicism and ended with romanticism. It began with Bayle the sceptic and ended with Rousseau the believer. Yet though these tendencies opposed each other they were deeply intertwined.

If to Bayle and Rousseau we add Diderot and Voltaire, we have the four personalities in whom were most sharply focussed the eighteenth century currents which are still alive today.

I have spoken of Bayle as an eighteenth century force. He was one of the greatest, though most of his life was spent in the seventeenth. He was born in 1647 and died in 1706. Leibnitz and Locke were his contemporaries. His great *Historical and Critical Dictionary* was first published in 1697 and for the next fifty years went into innumerable editions and translations in France, England, Germany and Holland, giving rise also, as did all his works, to an immense literature of attack, support and imitation. It was known to Locke, molded the mind of Gibbon, influenced Hume and Shaftesbury, was the acknowledged model for the famous Biographia Britannica, supplied Voltaire with some of his best ideas. In Germany it was a force in the somewhat tardy *Aufklärung*, first by direct influence, later in a translation by Gottsched. It deeply influenced Lessing, was read, annotated and

highly prized by Frederick the Great. Throughout Europe the literature of the period is full of admiring references to Bayle. Even his enemies admired him, though regretfully, knowing him all the more dangerous for his scholarly conscience, his profound erudition, his obliquely smiling, devastating wit, his imperturbable good-nature that contained so much triumphant malice, his honesty and fairness, his laborious and virtuous way of life. But though well into the nineteenth century the book was universally known and accepted as more than a book, as a great engine of rationalist criticism and intellectual liberation, Bayle's thought was absorbed in the wider views of men not more famous in their time, but with a firmer hold on posterity, which they cultivated, whereas Bayle cared nothing about it, doing what he did for the love of it and because he could not do otherwise. His glory was eclipsed by that of Diderot, d'Alembert, Voltaire, Rousseau, who were more closely connected with the world-shaking events of the Revolution. They went beyond him because they came after, they branched out by the mere force of chronology though he was their equal, and in some ways their superior, and they were all deeply indebted to him. His ideas were absorbed, developed, their origin forgotten. Pierre Bayle became only a name.

This name Howard Robinson, in his absorbing study *Bayle the Sceptic*, has again invested with flesh and blood, making the man live for us, not only as a remarkable and admirable human being, but vividly in his highly important connection with his time and the times that followed. Period and man illuminate each other in this distinguished and fascinating biography of a distinguished, powerful, and thoroughly likable person. It is a work of erudition which reads like a romance to anyone susceptible to the undying romance and excitement of intellectual warfare. It is the only kind of romance there was in Bayle's life, which seems to have been singularly bare of emotional crises or even incidents of a personal nature. One does not miss them and the man who emerges from his books as they are here analyzed is a very much alive human being. "The life of a sedentary writer is in his books," Robinson quotes from Voltaire, but in those days the sedentariness was often relieved by flight from one country to another, by hairbreadth escapes for author or manuscript from prisons or bonfires. Bayle's work was always controversial and his controversies were with the established powers, the Catholic Church and later the Protestant Church as well. In such struggles there is plenty of dramatic interest and character interest.

Bayle's father was a Protestant pastor in the South of France. The persecutions the Huguenots suffered, as well as the spectacle of factional quarrels within the Catholic Church, had stimulated their intellectual powers. They read widely and discussed ardently. Young Bayle was a bookworm from earliest youth. Descartes and Montaigne were among his first and persistent favorites, Descartes whose "*Je pense, donc je suis*" had a tremendously shattering effect on traditional belief, Montaigne whose smiling "*Que scais-je?*" embodied the principle of suspended judgement. Young Bayle, after teaching philosophy for a few years at the Protestant College of Sedan, was called to Rotterdam where he remained for the rest of his life. Here all his books, proscribed and burned in France, were written and published and from here they penetrated speedily into France and the rest of the world. Here for a time he edited and largely wrote a literary journal *News of the Republic of Letters* which was secretly circulated in France and elsewhere and brought him into touch with the intellectual *élite* of Europe. All Bayle's books were on occasional subjects, but the subjects were only the excuse for saying whatever he wanted to say. His first, *Miscellaneous Thoughts on the Comet of 1680,* published in 1682, was a treatise on comets as objects of popular superstition, from which the transition to other superstitions and to miracles and portents in general was easy. It gradually developed into an inquiry into the relation of morality to religion and the subversive conclusion that there was no connection between them, that an atheist could be as virtuous as an orthodox Christian. This "is the core of the book." Bayle's arguments are subtle yet not too subtle to be easily grasped. He knew how to season argument with wit, with anecdotes drawn from his immense fund of knowledge and with transparently veiled references to current happenings. Under the crushing censorship of Church and State in seventeenth and eighteenth century France irony developed into a fine art. One said one thing and one meant another. One constructed elaborate arguments on controversial subjects which subtly or obviously did not support the unimpeachably orthodox conclusions arrived at. One presented heretical beliefs in great detail in order to refute them not very convincingly. One played a cat and mouse game with analogies and horrible examples. In the House of Irony there are many mansions and Bayle was at home in all of them.

From the position that atheism is not incompatible with morality and the demonstration that some atheists had been much

better than some Christians, he came to the support of complete freedom of conscience, even "the erring conscience" should be free. Civil and criminal law he considered sufficient to safeguard the state against the vicious and criminal. It was here that his own church, which at first had welcomed him as an ally against Catholicism, turned against him, for complete tolerance was as much anathema to Calvinists as to Jesuits. The leisure to write his great *Dictionary*—2600 pages, mostly in small print—was due to Protestant persecution which forced him out of his professorship at the *École Illustre* of Rotterdam. The *Dictionary* was largely biographical, but it was not all inclusive. As always, Bayle had a purpose beyond his obvious purpose and he chose those persons in history, literature, the Bible, the Church, who could be made to serve it. He announced that it was not his wish to be controversial and that all controversial and critical matter would be relegated to notes outside the body of the article and printed in small type. This of course drew attention to the notes, which were extremely controversial and which constituted the real dictionary. Bayle's treatment of Biblical characters caused the greatest scandal, especially his "licentious reflections" on the story of Abraham and Sarah and his treatment of King David.

Of David he had this to say and a good deal more:

> David's piety is so conspicuous in his Psalms and in many of his actions, that we cannot sufficiently admire it. But there is another thing no less wonderful in his conduct, that he knew so happily how to reconcile piety with the loose maxims of the art of governing. It is generally believed that his adultery with Bathsheba, the murder of Uriah and the numbering of the people are the only faults with which he can be charged. This is a great mistake, for there are many things in his life which deserve censure. He is a sun of holiness in the church . . . but the sun had its spots, and even in his dying words we find the obliquities of politics. The Holy Scripture relates them only historically, and therefore, everyone is at liberty to pass a judgment upon them. Let us conclude by saying that the history of King David may comfort many crowned heads against the alarms that severe casuists would arouse, who maintain that it is hardly possible for a king to be saved.

Bayle was summoned before the Walloon consistory at Rotterdam on charges of indecency, obscenity and undermining religion. He was asked to rewrite the offending articles, especially the one on David. He agreed to everything; and in the second edition he removed a few objectionable phrases from the article on David,

but added some notes which more than made up for the omissions. He also included the original article at the end of the volume. Not content with this, he published and circulated it in a separate pamphlet.

Bayle's attacks were directed mainly against theologians, philosophers and false historians. Though recognizing the importance of science he did not emphasize it. The most essential difference between his *Dictionary* and the *Encyclopedia* of Diderot and d'Alembert is the immense amount of space given in the latter to science both theoretical and applied and to industrial development. But the critical method, the free intellectual air in which the Encyclopedists were at home they owed largely to Bayle, in so far as they owed them to any individual.

Bayle was above all a sceptic, a man of balanced judgment. If he had lived as long as his contemporary Fontenelle, who died in 1757 at the age of one hundred, he would probably have been as shocked as he at the cocksureness of the eighteenth century reformers. "I am dismayed at the conviction which reigns around me" Fontenelle is said to have remarked in his old age. And Bayle would nowhere "have been more uncomfortable than in the circles of those reasonable men who reestablished during the Revolution the varying forms of worship for the purpose of better policing the minds of the people and insuring public safety." It has often been said that in the long preparation which preceded the French Revolution, Plutarch's *Lives* and Bayle's *Dictionary* were the two literary works of greatest influence. Neither Plutarch nor Bayle, Mr. Robinson thinks, would have cared for this tribute. They would have been shocked at the Revolution and all its works. Bayle's propaganda was purely for intellectual freedom and clarity. What might follow from that he left to the future. But a man of his astuteness could hardly have been unaware that much more might follow than he himself could possibly foresee.

In *Bayle the Sceptic,* we see the forward surge of certain characteristic eighteenth century ideas in one of their earliest and most distinguished expressions. In *Science and Superstition in the Eighteenth Century* by Philip Shorr we contemplate the other aspect of that Janus-faced century, the face still turned toward the Middle Ages. This is "A Study of the Treatment of Science in Two Encyclopedias of 1725-1750. Chambers' Cyclopedia: London (1728) and Zellers Universal Lexicon: Leipzig (1732-1750)" undertaken for the purpose of establishing the balance between old and new in the scientific ideas and attitudes of the period.

To what extent had the revolutionary scientific discoveries of the seventeenth century been absorbed, the author asks. There is continuity as well as change in cultural history, and encyclopedias are worth studying from this point of view because they give us "the intellectual lay of the land." That the change from medieval science, with its absorption in the marvelous and the supernatural, its search for universal panaceas based on myth, superstition and scholastic dialectics to the modern scientific attitude which seeks to discover the nature of things by direct experimentation was a very gradual one, is of course not news. We know this in a general way about all historic evolutions but we rarely know all the details of such changes, the submerged processes, the varying tempos, the ratios of persistence and innovation, the complex counterpoint of events and ideas. This is what Mr. Shorr gives us in this study in regard to the development of science and the history of science. The encyclopedias he has chosen for analysis are important because they were the first to devote special attention to science and scientists, because they were widely read and because they were both influential forerunners of the great *Encyclopedia.*

The method consists in taking up the various sciences and analyzing their treatment from the point of view of medieval survival, historical accuracy and completeness, and the rationalization of some medieval notions by pseudo-scientific explanations. Both encyclopedias are weak in the history of science. The medieval antecedents of seventeenth and eighteenth century science are generally ignored, the contributions of the Ancients given fragmentarily and inaccurately. The *Lexicon* was far more medieval throughout than Chambers, showing a "general tendency . . . to accept the method of science and at the same time to retain the method of mysticism." It has 1000 words on chemistry, 1500 on alchemy, 10,000 on the philosopher's stone. It expresses belief in the Devil and, with some reservations, in witchcraft and magic and the occult virtues of plants and precious stones. Botany is not separated from medicine, animals are said to feel, reason and have souls.

In many instances Chambers rejects the grosser superstitions but tends to cling to the lesser. He denies the moral influence of comets but thinks they may have a physical influence. He is rather sceptical about occult matters, but inclined to believe in

amulets though not in philtres. He partly rejects the supernatural powers of precious stones but retains belief in their therapeutic powers.

There is much that is curious and enlightening in these pages and if we marvel at the large proportion of medievalisms retained so close to the effulgent decade of the Encyclopedists we have only to turn to an article by Professor Lynn Thorndyke on "L'Encyclopédie and the History of Science." (Isis VI. 1924, p. 363) which Mr. Shorr acknowledges as his model, to discover that that compendium of reason and enlightenment was not free from similar survivals, though of course in a far less degree.

The persistent medievalism of the eighteenth century and its tendency to rationalize it into something nearer to its ideological desire, here noted in specific instances, forms, in a wider, more philosophic sense the whole matter of Professor Becker's book *The Heavenly City of the Eighteenth Century Philosophers*. This rationalization we are given here not in one category but in all, as an underlying process, an essential method and dialectic inseparable from human thinking.

Every historic period has its view of life, Professor Becker says in effect, its "climate of opinion" which grows out of its experience and its needs. It is a sort of charmed circle bounded by certain premises and within that periphery of assumption men think and feel, agree and disagree, and understand each other as friends or foes, but they cannot function, they cannot breathe in the intellectual climate of a period alien to them. Thomas Aquinas, for instance, wrote about natural law, Dante had something to say about the League of Nations, but although we may also have opinions on these subjects once we have heard what Aquinas and Dante have to say, we cannot continue the discussion because our thoughts proceeding from different assumptions, remain forever in another circle and never meet theirs.

When conditions change and the intellectual climate changes with them men try to adapt their old beliefs to the changed conditions. They use old words in a new way. They also use new words to express old needs and so give themselves the illusion that they are upholding something entirely different.

In every age life has been looked upon as a drama. Among the Greeks the drama had no happy ending, had indeed no ending at all. The Greeks looked back upon a golden age when innocence

and happiness flourished but they looked forward to no dénouement of man's everlasting battle with fate which they envisaged as recurring in endless cycles. It was the great virtue of the Christian view of life which superseded the Greek, that it provided the happy ending that most men crave. It retained the golden age but heightened its dramatic and emotional appeal by localizing it in time and space, at the beginning of the world and in the garden of Eden, and also by connecting it with every phase of the drama. For it was because of his sins incurred there that man now suffered and it was through struggle and redemption that he was finally to attain happiness in the Heavenly City of God, the golden age again, now happily placed in the future. This was the medieval world pattern into which it was the function of intelligence to fit the experience of man, and the best intelligence of the period was devoted to this end. For it is an error to suppose that the thirteenth century did not feel the need of a rational explanation for its faith as well as the eighteenth. Thomas Aquinas and Voltaire had something fundamental in common. They were both men of strong beliefs the truth of which they believed to be demonstrable by "reason". In one case reason was the handmaid of theology, in the other the servant of unbelief. In the middle ages theology furnished the current philosophy of history. The life of man on earth was seen only in its relation to the drama of his fall and ultimate redemption. In the eighteenth century it was necessary that history should prove the superiority of the ages of reason over the ages of faith, the hatefulness of authority, the right to freedom of speech. And history did so. When Voltaire remarked that "History is only a pack of tricks we play upon the dead," he did not grasp the full profundity of his own words. The "new history" is an old story. It has existed in every age for the purpose of rationalizing the needs and beliefs of men and St. Augustine, viewed as a historian, was the forerunner of James Harvey Robinson and, it might be added, of Karl Marx and of Trotsky.

The eighteenth century philosophers felt the same need as the thirteenth century theologians for an emotional and intellectual harmony with the universe. "Having denatured God they deified nature." Happiness was to be found in discovering the laws of nature and living in accord with them. Morality, divorced from religion, was to be based on "the nature of man", and the nature of man was to be found at its best in those ages in which Chris-

tianity had been unknown and in those countries in which the "noble savage" lived a natural life. But the eighteenth century could not rid itself of God. The problem of evil in the world was a challenge that had to be met. If life itself was good, and "man in general" was good, if nature and nature's God were beneficent, how explain the evil and suffering both natural and artificial with which man was everywhere encompassed? If there was no God and no hereafter, what incentive had men to be good, after all? This dilemma became the *cause célèbre* of the eighteenth century which, far from being cynically amoral and wittily atheistic, was passionately concerned with "virtue" and the Deity. There were a few atheists, of course, Holbach and Helvétius in France, but their conclusions were shocking to such men as Diderot, and Goethe has recorded that their writings were too gray and depressing to be influential. The human needs that had been satisfied by Christianity in the Middle Ages were still there and still had to be satisfied, the pattern that was evolved was still the same pattern, only with different names for the parts. God had become the laws of nature, original sin had been imposed on man by civilization, he would be redeemed by his own efforts, for human perfectibility was the goal which these cynical philosophers had envisaged, and their heaven, which had been shifted to earth, lay in the future of mankind. Posterity, magic word, had taken the place of immortality, and Posterity could be invoked (see the invocation of Robespierre, pp. 142-3) in terms of the most perfervid emotion. Diderot's phrase that "Posterity is to the philosopher what immortality is to the religious man" is a verbal recognition of this, though Diderot, like Voltaire, in his definition of history, was far from grasping the full significance of his own words.

The first half of the eighteenth century was largely devoted to breaking down the bases of the old theology, but once the philosophers found themselves sitting among the ruins they had only the same stones with which to build the new edifice. The emotional needs of men were not satisfied by mere negation, and logic had again to be moulded to satisfy the reasons of the heart as well as those of the mind. Rousseau fully expressed the growing emotional needs of the second half of the century and one sees this need growing stronger and stronger until it culminates in 1794 in the feast of the Supreme Being in which the French people recognize the existence of the Supreme Being and the im-

mortality of the soul by revolutionary decree. It is no accident either that in Rousseau can be found the germs of all subsequent historic growths, however hostile to each other, the Catholic revival of the 1830's in France and the socialistic and communistic developments which have reached their apogee in the Russia of today. And here too, in the twentieth century, Professor Becker sees what he saw in the believing thirteenth and in the rationalistic eighteenth, a great faith supported by a specific logic and a philosophy of history evolved because they were needed, as an ideological pattern which again makes of the individual life a significant drama with a meaning beyond itself and a Heavenly City in the future where the cruelties and miseries of the past will be resolved and forgotten. . . .

"In my end is my beginning"—*Plus ça change plus c'est la même chose*—might well be mottoes for this profoundly stimulating book in which a witty style points tragic conclusions. Professor Becker contents himself with quoting from Marcus Aurelius:

> Our children will see nothing fresh, just as our fathers too, never saw anything more than we. So that in a manner the man of forty years, if he have a grain of sense, in view of this sameness has seen all that has been and shall be.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

NEW ENGLAND SECRET

THE AMERICAN NOTEBOOKS. *By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Based on the original manuscripts in the Pierpont Morgan Library; edited with an Introduction and Notes by Randall Stewart, Assistant Professor of English in Yale University. Yale University Press.* $5.00.

I HAVE not lived, but only dreamed about living.

The explanation for this man contributes as much to our national self-knowledge as to pure literature. What was the secret of this man? The New England secret. Not Puritanism engrossed him, as was the blithe judgment until recently, but predominantly one aspect of his contemporary spiritual world, simply invested sometimes with the trappings of Puritanism. Hawthorne went inward and down, and quite away from the new transcendental ideal of community perfectability. "Not with impunity had the human race for ages dwelt on the eternal welfare of the soul," wrote Paul Elmer More, "for from such meditation the sense of personal importance had become exacerbated to an extraordinary degree. What could result from such teaching as that of Jonathan Edwards but an extravagant sense of individual existence, as if the moral governance of the world revolved about the action of each mortal soul? And when the alluring faith attendant on this form of introspection paled . . . there resulted necessarily a feeling of anguish and bereavement more tragic than any previous moral stage through which the world had passed." And then, through Hawthorne's artistic vision, the fundamental petulance of New England, already poignant, was translated as the primeval curse of sin. His own trouble, his personal insatiable solitude,

was also, for him, the universal trouble, and the astonishing thing about him is that, in creating the translation, he at once made his classic success and his failure. For the universal is often unreal in the singular actual, and it is by now almost critically flat to say again that he failed on the side of reality.

But sometimes a platitude comes alive in the consciousness, no longer a mere span of words, and this happens when we examine the details of a perfect artistic dilemma currently provided by the re-publication of The American Notebooks.

Considerable publicity has accrued to what Mrs. Hawthorne did to these notebooks, and the inference has been that a different and a heartier man emerges from the untampered page. Certainly the changes contribute to amusement and incidental judgment of "my little wife". They do not alter in any important degree the essential story of a wholesome and innocent search for reality in the life of one who was supremely guilty of loneliness.

Mr. Stewart first considers the changes made in the interests of grammatical correctness, and dismisses them as generally not disastrous. There are some revisions of this type, however, that are found to destroy the author's own idiom. ". . . hew it away smooth and clean" became ". . . hew it away smoothly and cleanly". Revisions of the second class are those due to a remarkable delicacy, or rather, prudishness. Here "animal desires" became "temperament"; "dung" was "excrement". For the sake of a greater social and literary elegance of expression many artless words were condemned. The individual "phiz" was distorted into "physiognomy", and pity the man whose "blue" must be "sapphire", and whose "rot" must be "wither".

Mr. Stewart has also restored the pungent observations which Hawthorne made regarding Emerson, Thoreau, Ellery Channing and others, as well as the references to the modest editor herself. Thus we read not only "I possess such a human and heavenly lily", but also "and wear it in my bosom". The tangible ecstasy of the bridal pair in the old Manse by the river is likewise restored.

Yet all the editorial manipulations are immaterial, compared to those which seriously affect our conception of Hawthorne himself. It doesn't matter, really, the cigars smoked in a lifetime, nor the degree of his laziness, but what does matter is the revelation of his attempts at intimacy with the plain people of his time. "She changed the predication concerning 'Uncle John' from 'came into the bar-room' to 'went into the bar-room', thereby transforming the narrator from a participant on the inside to a spectator

on the outside. While Hawthorne was at North Adams . . . he identified himself with the life of the village to such an extent that he often spoke of 'our house' and 'our Village'; in the revised notebook, the possessive noun was changed to the demonstrative adjective or the definite article." That woman must have sucked life out of whatever she touched. There is even a sort of humorous significance in the little fact that under her influence Thoreau's boat, the Musketaquid, on changing hands became the Pond Lily.

But I feel that the case against Mrs. Hawthorne only assumes exact and final importance when she is charged with the alterations which so affected the journals as to permit Henry James this estimation: ". . . the placidity and evenness of temper, the cheerful and contented view of the things he notes, never belie themselves. I know not what else he may have written in this copious record . . . certainly the note of depression, of despair, of the disposition to undervalue the human race, is never sounded in his Diaries." As it now stands, any number of reclaimed passages give forceful testimony to a point of view that is not cynical but at least depressed, and that now jibes successfully with the novels.

Having thus lifted the burdensome shadow of a delicate hand from the notebooks Mr. Stewart adds careful and valuable comment on the adaptation of material from their pages, and on recurrent themes in Hawthorne's fiction. This inquiry into mechanics must be accorded an alive value to Hawthorne biography and criticism, for it was in the very process of Hawthorne's adaptation of his notebook material that his major deficiency was apparent. Wherever one lays a finger there is a clue, an origin, a source. Only see how the accurate outlines of human beings in the notebooks were turned by his fairy-tale dignity and refining touch in fiction into mere vehicles shadowing forth ideas. In his wishful quest for physical reality he found in Augusta, North Adams, West Roxbury, Salem, Concord, Lenox, the Isles of Shoals, and on various journeys, characters of richly animated cast, from whose eccentricities he longed to wrench understanding, and whom he often discussed on the highest levels of his talent. But they afterwards disappeared—the one-armed soap maker, Lawyer Haynes, the little Frenchman, the showman's dog, the simple man in search of an erring wife. What happened, then, to the subtle twist of sympathy exhibited in the notebooks, that in the stories and novels the characters are unplumbed as cinematic images, or the figures of a miracle play?

The grandeur of his ethical analyses was spent on his themes, and in thrusting his characters into these themes he stiffened them almost to rigor with the symbolism thereof. Even the sunlight, and the wind and storm, were in the novels turned on and off unnaturally to match the emotional effects.

As for the treatment of nature here in the notebook pages, we find it as laborious as it is dull, far from that ultimate, uncomplicated reality of sensory perception which Thoreau knew. He was as remote from what he saw as Thoreau was close. "July 14th, 1850, The tops of the chestnut trees have a whitish appearance—they being, I suppose in bloom. . . . July 16th, 1850 'Whitish', as above, don't express it."

The references to Melville are disappointing. He "came, in the forenoon . . . went away after breakfast." And in the following entries may be seen utter detachment in the face of Melville's intensity of desire for companionship: "Melville and I had a talk about time and eternity, things of this world and of the next, and books, and publishers, and all possible and impossible matters, that lasted pretty deep into the night. At last . . . I hastened to make the most of what little sleeping-time remained for me." The next day "Herman Melville invited me to bring Julian and spend several days at his house . . . I accepted for at least one night."

On the other side of this friendship Melville wrote of how "further and further [Hawthorne] shoots his strong New England roots into the hot soil in my Southern soul."

Here are no traces of awareness of political and social life in the melodramatic and crude mid-century. In *The Marble Faun* is a passage which gives him away: "No author, without a trial, can conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity, in broad and simple daylight, as is happily the case with my dear native land. It will be very long, I trust, before romance-writers may find congenial and easily handled themes, either in the annals of our stalwart republic, or in any characteristic and probable events of our individual lives. Romance and poetry, ivy, lichens, and wall-flowers, need ruin to make them grow." Yet *Margaret* had already appeared, and *The Morgesons* was soon to be written, both vivid with the idiosyncratic manners of that same native land.

Remember that six months after the southern secession he wrote "I approve of this war as much as any other, but I don't quite understand why we are fighting." Then there is the comment on John Brown, in the essay "Chiefly About War Matters", on which he stands most surely indicted for separateness: ". . . any common sensible man must have felt a certain intellectual satisfaction in seeing him hanged, if it were only in requital of his preposterous miscalculation of possibilities."

Wherever a problem is posited in the notebooks, it is in the nature of the undated entry of 1842: "A man to swallow a small snake—and it to be the symbol of a cherished sin." Or, less grotesquely, again in the same year: "Imaginary diseases to be cured by impossible remedies—as, a dose of the Grand Elixir, in the yolk of a Phoenix's egg. The diseases may be either moral or physical."

No need to cavil. For one thing, this was within the province where he intensely dwelled; furthermore, in the figure of Charles A. Beard, it is when the sharp curve of an epoch is smoothed by the reckoning of time that it can be interpreted. He gave to literature what was more subtle and extraordinary than such interpretation—the record of his own secretive adventure of the spirit, and thus, as Van Wyck Brooks has stated, "indicated more than any other the subterranean history of the American character."

The American Notebooks do not yield sheer reading pleasure, but this they do: they reveal, one wistful item by another, the innocence of his guilt.

HAZEL HAWTHORNE

T. STURGE MOORE

THE POEMS OF T. STURGE MOORE, *Volumes I and II. Macmillan Co. New York. $5.00 per volume.*

THESE two volumes contain little more than half the poetry of their author; a third volume has been announced, and I imagine that a fourth will be necessary. Yet since Mr Moore appears to have taken great pains to destroy all traces of the order of composition, these volumes present a fair cross-section of his work and provide a good basis for an estimate of his importance. These two volumes contain poetry, I believe, that has been equalled by not more than two or three living writers, and more great poetry than any living writer has composed.

In my opinion Mr Moore is a greater poet than Mr Yeats. He has lived obscurely, and has not displayed Mr Yeats's talent for self-dramatization; for these reasons and others he has never become a public figure or a popular writer. Mr Yeats began as a rather bad poet of a kind exactly suited to the popular taste of his decade, and through some miracle of destiny retained his following when he became serious, whereas Mr Moore has been a master, of a kind, from the outset. Mr Yeats, as a dramatist of his own personality, writes with an histrionic tone seldom entirely justified by his ideas and perceptions but which beguiles many readers: it is a similar tone (but superimposed on extremely bad poetry) which accounts for the popularity for Mr Jeffers.

Mr Moore, on the other hand, is never his own dupe, and has received the neglect that is commonly the lot of a perfectly lucid mind.

Most interesting of all the reasons for this difference in reputation, however, are the relationships in which the two poets stand to the generation of poets which succeeded them, the generation of Pound, Eliot, Stevens, Williams, Miss Moore, and Miss Loy, and of which Hart Crane, a much younger writer, was probably the last important disciple and, so far as the crucial defects of the generation are concerned, perhaps the most illuminating example. The generation bore the same relationship to the Romantic poets which the French Symbolists bore: that is, they endeavored to correct the stylistic defects of looseness and turgidity tolerated by the Romantics, without understanding the conceptual confusion which had debauched Romantic style and Romantic character alike. The result has been a poetry superior to most Romantic poetry, but, by virtue of its superiority, rendering the Romantic deficiencies even more plain than they appeared in the Romantics. That is, the looseness of Whitman's form is more clearly demonstrated in Pound's *Cantos* than in Whitman; the confusion of Whitman's ideas is more clearly demonstrated in *The Bridge*, by Hart Crane, than in Whitman; because Pound and Crane write precisely enough in detail to point directly to those issues with which they cannot deal precisely. All cats are gray in the dark, and everything is gray in Whitman.

The fundamental post-Romantic defect is the abandonment of logic, either in favor of an undisguised form of what Mr Kenneth Burke calls "qualitative progression" (that is, progression governed wholly by mood), as in the *Cantos*, or as in *Anna Livia Plurabelle*, or in favor of a pseudo-logic, such as one finds discreetly distributed (amid much real logic) throughout Mr Eliot's *Gerontion*, in most of Crane, and frequently at crucial moments in poems by Mr Yeats. The abandonment of logic is a defect for two reasons: it eliminates a half of human experience, and so limits the poet's range and often falsifies his feeling; and it is an uneconomical use of words, half only of the power of the words being brought into play. These types of non-logical writing represent the ultimate boundary of the uncritical emotionalism of the Romantics: they represent the stylistic *definition* of that emotionalism, its ultimate formal equivalent, to which the Romantics seldom attained, an emotionalism which is frequently merely sen-

sationalism, and which is largely unmotivated (that is, unformulable).*

This will be clearer if we consider a few individual poets for a moment. Mr Pound, in his *Cantos*, can treat of an unlimited variety of subjects, but is forced to deal with them all at the same level, the level of fragmentary and wandering (though highly stylized) gossip: his poetic instrument simply does not admit of a searching examination of his material; he reminds one inescapably of an old woman, hanging (in a very extraordinary manner) on the back fence. Mr Yeats, in *The Gift of Harun al Rashid*, amid the superb rhetoric of the close, allows his aged scholar to praise his young wife in moral and aesthetic terms for her effectiveness as a kind of supernatural telephone instrument, and the confusion cannot be glossed over, I believe, in spite of Mr Yeats's desperate efforts to make such glossing appear possible Mr Pound abandons the appearance of coherence; Mr Yeats achieves a factitious coherence. The danger inherent in Mr Yeats's poem is more evident in *The Dance*, by Hart Crane, where the language and feelings traditionally associated with love and the conviction of immortality appear to be applied to the experience of personal annihilation, so that the logical meaning of nearly every term at the crux of the poem is wholly at odds with the feelings implied. This seems to me a serious matter and probably has some relationship, at least, to the manner of Crane's end.

In this poetic pseudo-logic the forms of logic (that is a definite

* Mallarmé, writing in the foreword to René Ghil's *Traité du Verbé* as if his generation had discovered for the first time the fact that words have a feeling content as well as a rational, could speak of the necessity of separating "le double état de la parole, brut ou immédiate ici, là essentiel." The strange thing about this phrase, of course, is the last word, which is unexplained, a bit of arbitrary sentimentalism, with funest consequences. If feeling content is essential in relation to rational content, the latter is inessential and should be eliminated. Thus Dr. W. C. Williams (in The Symposium for Jan. 1933, pp. 115-6) writes of Messrs. Zukofsky, Rexroth, and Rakosix: "There is nothing here that *seductively* takes us up—as a man might carry a child. Nor is reason used to *cudgel the mind into unwilling submission.*" The italics are mine. If reason in poetry is corruption, then the abandonment of it is salvation: post-Romantic talents approximate the state of beatitude in various measures. If, however, the denotative value of a word is impaired, the connotative value is dependent largely upon denotations in previous contexts: the composition becomes proportionately parasitic and "literary". And if the denotative value could be wholly destroyed, the connotative would go with it. This is one of the many obvious facts that our greatest minds display a devastating ability to ignore.

and fairly elaborate syntactic structure) may be employed with nonsense deliberately in view. This appears to be true of Crane's *Faustus and Helen I and III*, the style of which was probably modeled on the style of the nonsense passages in *The Alchemists*. It is curious that a man of Crane's talents should have set out to model his poetic character, not in Jonson, but on two scoundrels and obscurantists whom Jonson satirizes. As a matter of fact, however, it is almost equally curious, that Mr Eliot and subsequent neo-Websterians should have allowed themselves to be so profoundly influenced by that ambiguous and unconvinced villain, Bosola, who, of all Webster's characters, is the most inflated and evasive in his metrics and his feelings alike, the most profoundly "Websterian" of them, in what appears to be the recent sense of the term. Such attempts to create for oneself a poetic character after models given by older masters, not of The Poetic Character, but of dishonesty and villainy, are bound to result in confusion: the modern experimenters have been neither dishonest nor villains, and their tortuous efforts to raise the conventions adopted to the level of universal morality, have been an interesting but also a distressing spectacle. A poetic convention has a life of its own, and limits of its own: the election of a poetic convention involves perils of no mean order.

Romantic and post-Romantic irony, from Byron, through Gautier, Laforgue, Eliot, Stevens, and others, to Kenneth Burke, represents an awareness that something is wrong, along with an inability to adjust feeling to motive. The Romantic ironist endeavors to save his face socially by ridiculing his irresponsible feelings, but he seldom makes an effort to understand and control his feelings. Mr Burke* defends the practice in the interests of scepticism: really it is an instance of blind faith of at least two kinds, for Mr Burke believes his own inability to perceive accurately to be universal in our period, and he places his faith in an automatic counterpoise. His entire doctrine of balanced excesses is an extension of the ironic formula, and it has all of the perfection, the triviality, the futility of canned food or machine-sliced bread. It eliminates the need of judgment: the hero of Mr Burke's novel, *Toward a Better Life*, goes mad for the reason that, the need of judgment having been removed by his (and Mr Burke's) theories, the power of judgment atrophies; and Mr Burke continues to

* *Counterstatement*, a volume of criticism by Kenneth Burke. (Harcourt Brace and Co.) 1931.

preach the doctrine which brought him to this end. Few post-Romantics have proceeded beyond this criticism of Romantic feeling, a feeling which falls considerably short of comprehension.†

The defect which gives rise to Romantic irony, the intellectual confusion which causes a greater or less measure of meaningless feeling, Mr Yeats shares with the entire generation subsequent to him. His irreducible obscurities, his moments of inexplicable excitement, have appeared to be kinds of profundity. The lucidity of Mr Moore, on the other hand, is unappreciated by writers laboring in confusion: much of what he says is beyond the range of his readers, and so appears to confuse or dilute his poems; his wisdom, which is traditional, appears banal to those nourished on

† These criticisms are greatly generalized and do not apply equally to every member of the Middle, or Experimental, Generation of American writers. Eliot's early work, and Pound's *Mauberley*, illustrate both defects, that of Romantic irony most plainly: Pound writes a lugubrious lament for the passing of Pre-Raphaelitism, yet deliberately makes Pre-Raphaelitism (and himself) appear ludicrous. The result is a kind of slipslop elegance: the firmness of the secure ironist (see Churchill's *Dedication to Warburton*) is impossible. Stevens displays neither vice in some poems, and has written great poetry: his tendency to self-parody, which cheapens *The Comedian as the Letter C* and many lesser poems is a form of Romantic irony. The basis for Stevens' self-distrust is not evident in his best work, and the feeling is probably inherited from earlier poets who had better reason for it; one feels justified in suggesting that it may at least have contributed to his present sterility. Miss Moore makes a great show of rationality when her rational content is relatively small: She says "the future of time is determined by the power of volition" when she means "volition determines the future". Bosola and his followers are guilty of a similar inflation of syntax. In Miss Moore, this style is often ironic, but it defeats its purposes in a measure, since the instrument of irony (the poetry) is weakened in the interests of irony: except in this respect, Miss Moore's irony is traditional, and not post-Romantic as she satirizes not herself, but her neighbors from a secure point of view. She is crippled by the narrowness of her point of view, however, being a satirist not of morals, but of manners, and in a very narrow sense. Williams limits his matter to that which can be treated by direct sensory perception and treated fully thus: he so preserves texture where Pound and Miss Moore sacrifice it, but limits his range. His best work has remarkable power in spite of these limitations: *On the road to the contagious Hospital*, *Love in a Truck* (the sea elephant), *The Widow's Lament*, and *The Bull* show him at his best. Mina Loy displays both defects and sometimes avoids both, as in the *Apology of Genius* and *The Widow's Jazz*, which display great power and moments of great clumsiness. Mr. Burke's novel *Toward a Better Life* displays both vices at their most obvious and most tawdry. The entire generation is so shot through with one or the other of these defects, and appears to be so thoroughly contented with them, that one cannot but feel that the moments of freedom are accidental.

the unformulable; and the precision with which he renders his feelings appears mild to those nourished on over-statement. When, in the Criterion for July 1930, he revised and greatly improved two of the most confused poems of Gerard M. Hopkins, he aroused a great rumbling of indignation among the younger intellectual leaders. The occurrence is symptomatic of the entire condition of contemporary taste.

Mr J. V. Cunningham, in the Commonweal for July 27, 1932, describes Mr Moore's favorite theme as that "spiritual pride which would over-reach natural limits . . . the effort to violate human relationships by imposing one's identity on others," together with the criticism of such spiritual pride. Mr Cunningham cites the excellent poem *On Four Poplars* as an instance of the subject-matter, and many other poems could be cited. The theme, however, is not limited to the ethical sphere in Mr Moore, but has its religious counterpart, in a mysticism related to that of such diverse poets as Hart Crane and Robinson Jeffers, which leads to the attempt to violate our relationship with God, or with whatever myth we put in his place, even with Nothingness,* and which leads concurrently to the minimizing of moral distinctions, that is, of the careful perception of strictly human experience. Mr Moore differs from the Romantic mystics in defining this temptation without succumbing; in defining not only the temptation, but its legitimate uses, and its dangers. His repeated poems on the subject of Silence, and his repeated references to Semele, are indications of his interest in the subject. His great lyric *To Silence* (not included in the first two volumes of the new edition) may be taken as an allegorical summary of this theme and of his own relationship to Romantic tradition, the tradition of rejuvenation through immersion in sensation, the mystical communion of the Romantic, or, as Mr Tate puts it, in pure quality. Mr Moore's immersion has actually led to rejuvenation, to an inexhaustibly fascinating freshness of perception: the immersion of other poets has too often led to disintegration.

I shall endeavor to ilustrate Mr Moore's style by quotation, with no immediate reference to the subject matter which I have been describing. In the poem entitled *From Titian's Bacchanal,* his blank verse appears at its best, together with an astonish-

* For further elucidation of contemporary ideas (or attitudes) of mysticism and inspiration, see Mr. H. B. Parkes on Emerson, The Hound and Horn for the Summer of 1932.

ing command of the resources of reiteration (a command more subtle, more controlled, though less immediately obvious, than that of Mr Pound in his *Cantos*) and with a sensuous richness and a profundity of feeling scarcely if any inferior to those of Keats's *Ode on a Grecian Urn*:

> Beside her foot three shadowed blue flowers glow,
> Speedwell, or gentian, or some now lost gem
> That then was found in Crete; some gem now lost,
> Some precious flower, that then endeared the isles
> To hearts of traveling gods and sailor princes.
> Though friends of such an one here revel now,
> And laugh, carouse, and dance, she hears them not;
> Brown satyrs, maenads, men, these sing; and hark!
> Birds sing, the sea is sighing, and the woods
> Do sound as lovers love to hear them:—Sleep,
> Sleep, oh! and wake no more; Bacchus has kissed
> Thy lips, thine eyes, thy brow; thy joy and his
> But lately were as one, therefore sleep on:
> Be all past woes forgotten in thy dream!
> This noisy crew still haunts thee;—but unheard
> They sing, and birds are singing; thou dost sleep . . .

Perhaps the greatest single poem in which he describes the magnificence of inanimate Nature and approximates the attitude of the Romantic pantheist is the double sonnet, *Apuleius Meditates*. I quote the first half:

> An old tale tells how Gorgo's gaze distilled
> Horror to petrify men's mobile limbs:
> Endymion's moonlit beauty never dims,
> Hard-frozen as the fond chaste goddess willed:
> Niobe, by her ceaseless weeping chilled,
> Drips, a white rock: and when stone Memnon hymns
> The dawn, camped travelers whom the desert rims
> Rise from the sand they slept on and are thrilled.
> I, having wandered through the pines alone,
> And felt their hush up from dark ages roll
> Like last faint echoes of a lion's roar,
> Or storm that ripples out on a smooth shore,
> Quaffing their vivid silence with my soul
> Have longed to change me then and there to stone.

The attitude, however, is not that of the Romantic pantheist, for Mr Moore merely defines a splendor which appears greater than his own, and does not confuse two irreconcilable states of being.

The poem is marred by the crowded consonants in the first four lines, and the awkward run-over from six to seven, but in spite of these defects is very powerful. In the double sonnet, *Silence*, the same theme is skirted by way of more human material; the poem, though disclaiming morality, displays, with precise and lucid wit, careful moral perception:

> No word, no lie, can cross a carven lip;
> No thought is quick behind a chiseled brow;
> Speech is the cruel flaw in comradeship,
> Whose self-bemusing ease daunts like a blow
> Though unintended, irrevocable!
> For wound, a mere quip dealt, no salve is found
> Though poet be bled dry of words to tell
> Why it was pointed! how it captured sound!
> Charmed by mere phrases, we first glean their sense
> When we behold our Helen streaming tears.
> Give me dry eyes whose gaze but looks intense!
> The dimpled lobes of unreceptive ears!
> A statue not a heart! Silence so kind,
> It answers love with beauty cleansed of mind.

Each line in the poem is a masterpiece in itself; the poem is a perfectly coherent commentary. The fifth line, in which the sentence runs over into the new quatrain and stops, with the momentary illusion of an unrhymed line and the attendant feeling of bemused regret, is illustrative of the sensitivity with which the medium is handled. I shall beg indulgence for one more quotation from the lyrics, to exhibit Mr Moore's command of another theme and of a song movement. I quote the second stanza from *Love's First Communion*:

> '——Listen, ponder, understand!
> Love lies ambushed in each bud
> Like a lady's maiden hand
> Stowed in warm and scented glove;
> And as through her veins the blood
> Circling sweetens, so flows love
> Like ripe syrup through a fruit,
> Secret tingling rich and mute,—
> Like, ah! like on midnight hush
> Tears that under eyelids gush.'

These quotations do not exhaust Mr Moore's range, either of material or of technique. He is never trivial, or an actively bad poet, and he is seldom uninteresting. A list of his poems which

move me unmistakably would include, I imagine, three-fourths of his titles. I shall therefore call particular attention to a few poems only, in addition to those already mentioned, and shall then pass on from the lyrics. I should like to mention the following poems: *To Slow Music*, *The Vigil*, *Reason Enough*, *An Aged Beauty's Prayer*, *The Deeper Desire*, the sonnets on Sappho and perhaps the sequence entitled *The Deed*.

As a dramatist, Mr Moore is one of the most important figures in an extremely important dramatic period. Synge is widely popular, and the dramas of Mr Yeats are widely read. Synge is largely disappointing, however, for the reason that, like most prose-poets and some other poets, he dilutes his perception with a vast excess of mannerism: the verse and prose of writers so varied in talents and aims as Carl Sandburg, Ezra Pound, Marianne Moore, and Elizabeth Madox Roberts, suffer rather seriously from the same vice. Only one of Mr Yeats's plays, *The Only Jealousy of Emer*, rises far above sentimentality of conception and triviality of execution, but that one play is a great work of its kind. The dramas of Mr Moore and of Robert Bridges have never to my knowledge been taken very seriously, yet it seems to me beyond all question that Bridges' two plays on *Nero* are the greatest tragedy since *The Cenci* and (if we except that furious and appalling composition, *Samson Agonistes*, which, though a tragedy, is no play) are quite possibly superior to any English tragedy outside of Shakespeare, that his *Christian Captives* is nearly as fine, and that his *Achilles in Scyros* is a performance nearly as lovely as Comus, though doubtless less profound. The nearest rival to Bridges since Shelley, I believe, is Mr Moore.

Bridges was probably the most finished and original master of blank verse since Milton: the principles of his blank verse are available in his study of Milton's prosody. Mr Moore's blank verse is sometimes as brilliant, but is less consistent—it appears the product of inspiration rather than mastery—and Mr Moore has in a smaller measure than Bridges the gift which Bridges possesses in a greater measure than almost any dramatic poet since Shakespeare, and which Mr Yeats possesses scarcely at all, the gift of utilizing every movement in his blank verse, even in the most casual remark, as a means of exposing the full character of his speaker and the full import of the situation.

Bridges possesses, in fact, a grasp of character, even in its minor aspects, unusual even among the English dramatists, whose leisurely procedure and extended and widely varied scenes have

always tended to encourage such a grasp of character in a way in which the more rigidly classical forms have never encouraged it. Mr Moore's greatest and only truly dramatic play, *Daimonassa* (not reprinted in these two volumes) is unlike Bridges in that it is a one-act tragedy, which observes the unities rigidly, and which is concerned less with the full perception of character than with the rapid simplification and generalization of a situation: it is Racinian rather than Shakespearean. It is one of the greatest plays of its kind that I know.

The Only Jealousy of Emer aims at the same kind of excellence as *Daimonassa*, but achieves it in a more fragmentary way: the variety of meters indulged in by Mr Yeats does not permit of the careful variations and graduations of feeling possible within a single meter, and the effort to maintain a lyrical intensity throughout the play results in some pretty thin lyricism, especially in the opening, that portion of a drama which is normally informative and at a relatively low level of feeling. Further, in a short play, at least, the use of a chorus probably detracts from dramatic effectiveness for this reason: poetic drama, given a good plot and a great stylist (and *Emer* has both), deals essentially with the awareness on the part of the tragic character of the universality of his plight, an awareness becoming more intense as the plight becomes more evident, and which may become explicit but which is more frequently implicit in the quality of the feeling. Now if the statement is taken from the mouth of the actor and turned into a subsidiary lyric, the actor himself (and he embodies whatever is dramatic in the drama) is rendered less self-conscious, and the awareness that might lead to further action is given, not to an actor, but to an observer. Mr Moore's *Aphrodite against Artemis* suffers from the same defect, the struggle between Phaedra and Hippolytus being largely transmuted into allegorical and lyrical argument between the goddesses.

Most of Mr Moore's plays are less dramatic than spectacular: they are pageants with appropriate chorals. The action does not develop continuously through the lines: rather, the lines are more or less lyrical commentary on isolated scenes which illustrate a progress. Such a structure, though it is legitimate, is less powerful than the truly dramatic, for the poetry tends to be casual rather than cumulative. There are few strikingly poetic lines in the dialogue of *Emer*, but each has the entire weight of the past action behind it, the entire weight of the future action implicit within it. Such also is the power of *Daimonassa*; such is the

power of Racine. Much of the best poetry of *Aphrodite against Artemis*, however, might be as relevant to a good many actions as to the action in which it finds itself. This tendency is sometimes strong in Mr Moore's plays and sometimes very weak. Except in *Daimonassa* it is usually discernible. The most striking of these half-dramatic pageants is *Absalom*, a very great poem of its kind, at times one of the most powerful of Mr Moore's compositions. The following passage is typical of the poetry with which the piece abounds. It is spoken by David when he despairs of overcoming his son, and is without desire to overcome him:

> O Policy, O Cunning,
> Have I then treated with thee for thy love
> As with a little child, e'en smiled on Cunning?
> Took I a step beyond these times in hope?
> Have I leaned from my poor ill-builded past
> As from a tower-top, and leaned too far,
> Fain of the arms of angels passing on
> Winged for a later time and better men? . . .

This, I believe, is great writing. In its half-eerie feeling, which it inherits perhaps in part from the Symbolist movement, its feeling of the unreality of reality, and in the precision of its meaning in its own context, which Symbolist poetry too often lacks, and in its profound moral vision, its sense of the seriousness of reality, it is typical of Mr Moore's genius.

It is worth observing before leaving the plays that Mr Moore has usually chosen Greek or Hebrew themes, which have weathered much narration and have acquired strong outlines and definite implications, which are a part of the main current of occidental tradition, whereas Mr Yeats, in pursuit of the elusive ghost, national feeling, has chosen most of his subjects from the formless and sentimental myths of Celtic tradition, myths very few of which can be altered from their original condition of irrelevance and obscurity.

Mr Moore's narratives are less successful than his plays. In *Judas* he succumbs to the stream-of-consciousness procedure: his immersion in sensation results in temporary disintegration. There is no sequence of events; there are few ideas. There is much excellent writing, and some beautiful writing (as in the last forty-five lines), but there is no structure. The thoughts of Judas merely wander for one hundred and twenty pages. Every new thought, every new incident, is a new beginning; the poem does not ac-

cumulate meaning as does a well-constructed narrative, but is merely an intolerably long and confused lyric dealing with a disordered mood, and is essentially meaningless. *Danaë*, though it contains much that is lovely, is too deliberately naïve, a bit pseudo-Keatsian, and Mr Moore writes heroic couplets as if he were ashamed of them and wished they were anything else: his line is crowded, both with sound and with imagery, and neither the couplet nor the line is sufficiently defined by the syntax for the essential powers of the couplet to be brought into full play. Some of the shorter and less ambitious narratives have extraordinary polish and charm, however, among the loveliest being *Isaac and Rebekah* and *Two of the Lord's Anointed.*

In the background of the American and British poetry of the last two decades—the poetry of the Modern Movement—there are four great figures, exerting little influence, but offering us a better means of evaluating our immediate past than is to be found in the immediate past itself, could our criticism catch up with them and elucidate them: Thomas Hardy, a colossally great folk-poet, confused as to philosophy, but guided by a folk-wisdom so profound that his philosophy does no harm to most of his lyrics; Robert Bridges, a scholar and a classical master, immune to the disintegrating influence of Romanticism; W. B. Yeats, an unregenerate Romantic; and T. S. Moore, a regenerate Romantic. Mr Yeats is widely admired but little understood; Mr Hardy is slowly gathering a following. The other two are little read and are understood scarcely at all. It is time that we became acquainted with them. Mr Moore, placed as I have said, between two Post-Romantic periods, that of French Symbolism and the English-Irish decadent school on the one hand, and, on the other hand, the American Experimental School of the two decades past, has been misunderstood in the latter period in proportion as he has transcended the limitations of the former, since the principles governing the two periods are for the most part similar. The handicap under which he has suffered is the measure of his immediate value to us: he has more to teach us of our present literary difficulties than has any other writer of our century.

Yvor Winters

THE ECONOMICS OF G. D. H. COLE

A Guide Through World Chaos. *By G. D. H. Cole. A. Knopf, New York.* 1932. $3.75.
Economic Tracts for the Times. *By G. D. H. Cole. Macmillan, New York.* 1932. $4.00.

A GUIDE THROUGH WORLD CHAOS is an excellent title for the latest product of Mr. Cole's prolific pen. The book is not, and does not pretend to be, a guide out of world chaos. Not that Mr. Cole misses any opportunity of pointing out life prolongers for a sick capitalism or that he fails to argue persuasively, though mildly, for easy steps towards socialism. Indeed every page prepares the reader for the closing presentation of the alternatives of the hour: "a reconstructed capitalism" or "a plunge into the unknown seas of socialist experiment." Mr. Cole is for the "plunge", but he does not subordinate exposition to argumentation. He is a socialist partly because he cherishes the values believed to be attainable under a socialist order and partly because he despairs throughout of satisfactory amelioration under capitalism. His despair, however, does not make him oppose every attempt at capitalistic reform.

The outstanding merits of the book are intellectual honesty, readability, inoffensiveness to sensitive conservatives, scope and accuracy of broad generalization. It has, of course, the defects of such qualities. One misses Mr. Cole's usual brilliance, vigor and adequacy of treatment. Yet, although the book is nearer to being a text than a political tract, its intellectual honesty redeems it from the vices of narrow orthodoxy and triteness. The author does not, for instance, disregard important facts and considerations which ought to be included in any fundamental explanation. With

every life prolonger for capitalism or peaceful step towards socialism, Mr. Cole shows why it is not likely to be taken or why, if taken, it is unlikely to prove efficacious. For instance, speaking of the future of capitalism in the United States, Mr. Cole asks "Can capitalism be so re-organized as to raise the standard of life as fast as productivity increases? No capitalistic system in the world has ever yet shown that it can; and the analysis of the economic system contained in the earlier chapters of this book demonstrates the very great difficulty of bringing it about."

The scope of the book can be seen from a glance at the titles of its thirteen chapters which cover about every subject of present day economic significance: the world crisis, economic consequences of the war, two centuries of economic growth, the economic system in theory and practice, prices, money and capital, unemployment and industrial fluctuations, the business cycle, foreign trade and tariffs, public finance and taxation, economic organization, the challenge of Russia, alternatives to capitalism, and the present world outlook. Obviously, a book which runs the gamut of everything that can be called economic cannot adequately analyze any single subject or make an ideal presentation of any given thesis. Nor does such an encyclopedic work lend itself to a descriptive review. Most of the up-to-the-minute socialist theses appear, but as so many points of view in the making of a factual analysis or an obvious interpretation. Conceivably all economic texts might be written from the socialistic point of view and the on-coming generation made into perfect socialists without any one ever passing through the experience of conversion. Probably just one thing prevents new economic texts gradually and imperceptibly taking on such a socialist character, to wit, the censorship, at times nearly unconscious, of vested interests.

As a skillful integration of the most advanced economic thought of the day, Mr. Cole's book will reward careful reading by even that extremely small elite for whom it will contain nothing new. For a considerably larger number of readers, including communists, socialists and liberals of all shades, whose economic education was completed before the War, the book should prove instructive. I have in mind here those who might be compared to a believer in evolution who had read nothing since Darwin. It is surprising how many and how influential liberals and radicals are dated by a simple belief that free trade, international cooperation, economy, honesty and efficiency are concepts of vital relevancy to present problems. As tariffs and public budgets rise and in-

ternational rivalries and nationalisms grow apace, these dated liberals become more and more baffled and futile. They still assume that a laissez-faire economy, subject to generous exercises of the protective functions of the police power, is the natural order. It must, therefore, be only a matter of time until reasonable human beings will come to their senses and adopt universally such reasonable measures as will render workable the world over the reasonable economic order originally dreamed and afterwards elaborately rationalized by English shopkeepers and their spiritual prostitutes. This has been the dream from Adam Smith down through Pitt, Cobden and Gladstone to Ramsay MacDonald, Nicholas Murray Butler, Walter Lippmann and Thomas W. Lamont.

Mr. Cole sees tariffs and state interference with trade, not as devils to be cast out in order to set up a natural order, but as factors in a process of evolution away from individualism towards collectivism. "Tariffs" he says "are indeed, commonly very far from being scientific or calculated to promote the advance of those industries in which a country has the best chance of making itself productively efficient. But the idea of a tariff, with its power of promoting the development of one industry and retarding that of others, was definitely the first step towards the idea of national economic planning."

Mr. Cole is an internationalist, a species, however, which ought to be judged by its behavior rather than its own self-definitions. We are too familiar with the illuminating example of the communist internationalists in charge of Russia, the finest exhibition of a healthy, militant nationalism to be seen anywhere in the world today. Mr. Cole's internationalism assumes that "Whether the new order is to be capitalist or not we can say confidently that it must be a world order and that the attempt of the separate countries to take shelter from the economic blizzard by a policy of national exclusiveness is bound to mean chaos and collapse." But his internationalism is not of the liberal variety which, in effect, bids governments and peoples stand still and see the salvation of the lords of business.

The book is refreshing in its recognition that the world war has not been the cause of all our troubles and that there is no conclusive reason to postulate the automatic occurrence of recovery as a sequel to every depression. With regard to the causal relation of the war to the present depression, Mr. Cole has to say that "Even if there had been no world war, there were in existence

in 1914 world forces threatening a serious dissolution of the established harmony of the 19th century industrial order. Perhaps this is why there was a world war."

As to the automatism of the succession of booms, crashes, depressions, slow recoveries and more booms, Mr. Cole says "I suggest, then, that slumps end and prosperity returns partly because economic progress is the normal condition of the business world, but also partly because either some fortunate event or some policy deliberately pursued suffices to correct the tendencies making for depression and to bring about a revival. In other words, revival is not automatic, however long a slump may last." People who say nowadays that the depression cannot last much longer seem to forget that the dark ages, following the complete collapse of the Roman Empire, lasted at least eight hundred years. What Mr. Cole really says is that we have recovered from past depressions over the extremely brief one hundred year period of the adolescence of modern capitalism because of the continuous progress of the industrial revolution and because of the continuous settlement of the new countries, both of which processes now seem definitely at end. He argues for conscious planning of recovery via capitalistic amelioration or socialistic transition as against a laissez-faire waiting on events, which has been substantially the policy of all responsible capitalistic leaders since 1929.

Perhaps all economists may be classed as harmonists or non-harmonists. Mr. Cole probably belongs with the non-harmonists, though his support of socialism occasionally betrays a groping faith in an ultimate harmony to be achieved in an ideal socialist commonwealth of nations. Of course, orthodox capitalists and fanatical communists are equally harmonists. The capitalist believes in the harmonies of competition and the free market while the communist has equal confidence in the harmonies of an ideal proletariat dictatorship. The capitalists would restore their harmonies through a re-establishment of an equilibrium which, to whatever extent it ever actually existed during the brief period from Waterloo to Serajevo, must, in the larger perspective of modern history, appear accidental and transitory—not anything that may properly be called normal. The communists would create their harmonies by setting up an ideal order which, even in the light of up-to-date achievements in Russia, may be said to exist mainly in poetic imaginations.

The capitalists are trying to get back to normal and the socialists to get on to utopia. It is unimportant to remark that the capi-

talists cannot prove that what they are trying to get back to ever existed or that the socialists are unable to show conclusive reasons for supposing that what they are trying to get on to can ever exist. It is, however, important to observe that leadership is more likely to rest with people who are trying to get on than with those who are trying to get back. It is easier to believe in a socialistic millennium for the future than to prove the existence of a past state of capitalistic normality, or to convince any one of the desirability of whatever state of affairs did actually exist under capitalism. Dreams about the future are pleasanter and more real than facts, especially dull ones, about the past. Most of us prefer escape to the future to escape to the past.

Mr. Cole's Guide through World Chaos is written from the point of view of a hope for a future bright with socialistic promise. From the point of view of an intellectual the book has the defect of not going deeply enough into fundamentals to disclose whether Mr. Cole considers progress inevitable and, if so, then why, or whether he merely prefers socialistic experimentation towards a future ideal to capitalistic groping after the restoration and conservation of an unreal and unlovely past. I suspect that Mr. Cole takes for granted the ideal of progress just as most Americans assume that it is moral to spend more on schools for one's children than on tombs for one's ancestors, without for once reflecting that the choice is purely a matter of taste. Mr. Cole does not even entertain the possibility of there being a question as to whether the chaos of the jungle may not be preferable to the order of the ant hill, or whether it may not be more fun to roar through the great open spaces than to buzz around a well run bee-hive. Still, if one wishes to learn the maximum about the depression by reading only one book, his best selection would be Mr. Cole's latest work.

ECONOMIC TRACTS FOR THE TIMES are a collection of timely essays on current social questions written during the past two years by Mr. Cole for the British public. As they are controversial rather than text-bookish, these tracts are better literature than the Guide. In reading them, an American who enjoys good literature can only regret that in this country we have so few distinguished pamphleteers. We excel in fact finders, journalists and tiresome practitioners of enlightenment.

A comparative reading of Mr. Cole's Guide and collection of recent economic tracts at once raises in one's mind the question whether it is worth while describing social facts for the tender

minded when, with the same amount of effort, a writer can move strong and vital people to deep feeling and effective action, and, also, produce literature. I suspect that most tender minded readers of Mr. Cole's Guide will lay it down with a smug feeling that he has merely made a good job of showing that the times are out of joint. These gentle souls will then conclude that others as nice and bright as Mr. Cole will surely succeed in putting everything right in due time. Economic writing which does not move the emotions to reactions of fear, anger and desire are usually produced on the assumptions of Rousseau and the French enlightenment. It seems to me, however, that a hard headed, not to say hard hearted, capitalist or communist, can read any quantity of mere facts about human unhappiness or futility under his pet system with no more impulse to do anything about it than he experiences on learning the facts about cannibalism or the delights of opium. The notion that better information will ever attenuate the unpleasant or augment the pleasant in everyday life has always appeared to me to be utterly unfounded. I am convinced that cannibals, including the prospective eaters and eaten, know the facts about anthropophagy, and I am sure that wives in India have always had the low-down on suttee. The idea that folkways are changed by the dissemination of information about them inheres in most of the futile writing done nowadays about social questions. Mr. Cole's tracts are not written with any such idea.

Mr. Cole's tracts, however, are written in the belief that while socialism will never be fully achieved by constitutional means, "it does not follow that socialists are exempt in the present from the need to insinuate bits of socialism into the economic system; for he who whistles today for the English revolution is assuredly wasting his breath." Mr. Cole is more concerned with the technique of good administration than with the conquest of power. Formerly socialists were mostly occupied with problems of social justice. Still lacking in a will to power, they are now greatly enamored of economic machinery. Having made a study of this hobby of theirs, most socialist amateurs understand it better than the capitalistic empiricists in charge, all of which is a good reason why capitalists should put Norman Thomas and Ramsay MacDonald in charge. For although they might remain loyal in the innermost recesses of their hearts to true socialism, just as the late Mr. J. P. Morgan was to the lowly Nazarene, these socialist experts in capitalistic machinery would be too devoted to the machine and too lacking in a will to power ever to destroy it and set up an

entirely new machine of their own creation. If certain defects are inherent in the capitalistic machine, as socialistic theory teaches and as I am inclined to agree, it will eventually break down, whoever runs it, but I am sure the devoted socialist mechanics would keep capitalism going much longer than the present crew of stupid financial pirates.

It is when a socialist tries to talk philosophically that he is usually least satisfactory. Mr. Cole's essay on "Why I am a Socialist" should be the most important one in his collection, yet it is the paper which enlightens me least, though I can believe it may have inspirational value with people who react to combinations of words which contain a pietistic symbolism. The following quotation will, I think, suggest strongly to the philosophically minded that, after all, for Mr. Cole socialism is just a nice hobby and that it does not give him what most people demand of and receive from a living faith. "This inmost life of Socialism that I have sought to describe is, then, not a complete way of living. I distrust the man for whom the socialist ideal, or any other ideal, looms so large as to cover the whole of life. For that, I think, is a sign of inhumanity; and socialism is above all a creed for ordinary men. Love of humanity need not submerge other loves—of wife, or children, or friends; indeed, these other loves are fires to keep it warm. Socialism is for me, I think, the most important single thing that exists. But I am not sure even of that. And I am quite sure that it is not the only thing that matters." His values do not emerge clearly defined or adequately validated whether by a supernatural god or a superman's will. But he would be a grand civil servant or mechanic of large enterprise, provided another furnished the necessary force of a human will.

LAWRENCE DENNIS

THE INVASION

THE INVASION. *By Janet Lewis. Harcourt, Brace and Company. New York.* 1932. $2.50.

IT MUST be said frankly at the outset that this novel is history and not fiction at all. It is history not so much because it relates events concerning the Johnston family of St. Mary's, for many purely fictional works deal with historical characters, but because it establishes most profoundly in the reader the conviction that these characters lived, that here in all its liveliness is the past century and a half. That Janet Lewis, in presenting her personages, was consciously writing a history of America is amply indicated in the way she associates the actions of her characters with great historical events. These characters are at once individuals and embodiments or concretions of their times.

The Invasion begins in the year 1791, in the heart of the period which glorified the Noble Savage. In this year John Johnston, Esq., polished in elegant drawing-rooms of Belfast, though of Scotch blood, Anglican faith, and of poor fortune—John Johnston set himself up in the fur trade on Lake Superior. That winter he escaped starvation—for his men had robbed and deserted him—by fleeing to the lodge of Waub-ojeeg, the Ojibway chieftain. And the following autumn he married the Woman of the Glade, the daughter of Waub-ojeeg. Johnston wrote home that he considered his marriage an alliance between two noble houses.

The Woman of the Glade became Neengay, My Mother; and Johnston gradually settled into something of feudal magnificence beside the falls at Sault Ste. Marie, his bands of traders reporting to him each spring in canoes riding low under the weight of furs. In the War of 1812 Johnston, still regarding himself as British, led his followers, traders and Indians, in the taking of Macinac. But these activities proved his undoing, for a few years later the Americans in reprisal burned his house, his barns and his warehouses, and Johnston to the end of his life was unable to throw off the debts he had incurred in re-establishing himself.

At St. Mary's, Henry Rowe Schoolcraft became Indian agent of the American government. Having married Jane, the eldest daughter of Johnston, Schoolcraft was able to effect, with the aid

of Jane and Johnston and Neengay, Indian treaties which were as profitable to the Americans and as satisfactory to the Indians as such treaties might be. Again, particularly with the aid of Jane and Neengay, Schoolcraft collected a great deal of material concerning the Ojibways; this material, removed still another degree from its original possessors, became the material of Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, in which form it must be reckoned with as a part of our national heritage.

The grandchildren of Johnston, if they remained on the St. Mary's River, undertook small businesses—store-keeping, homesteading, wood-cutting;—the children of Johnston's youngest son being old people in the twenties of this century.

Such is a rough outline of the more obvious history contained in *The Invasion*. But it is not from this sort of thing that one gets the sense of the lives of the people and the liveliness of the times; it is rather from the inexplicably suggestive details from which these general lines can be abstracted. We see Johnston at once as himself and the embodiment of his times when, in exploring Lake Superior, he camped four days opposite a round, pretty little island, never setting foot on it, but content with contemplating it and with, as he wrote later, "having filled ten or twelve pages of my journal with reflections, remarks, and some poetical effusions. . . ."

In regard to significant detail Henry Schoolcraft is perhaps the character the most richly treated. Henry Schoolcraft, who as a young man was inclined to be a sceptic because of the evidence of geology, quietly put a Bible under the head of his dead little son, feeling in spite of himself that death had struck as a punishment for his freethinking. Yet, though converted by the deceptively weak Jane, Schoolcraft retained his scientific turn of mind in ethnology; for up until very recently a curious and vigorous naturalism did not necessarily impair piety. He was a man who was shocked to see Neengay, the mother of Jane, taking part in an Indian burial service, shocked to see her face across the grave, lighted by the ceremonial fire. He swore off gaming after one disastrous evening's play. He was infinitely proud of his *Algic Researches*, three huge magenta tomes printed at government expense. He was passionately resolved to make scientific sense out of the Ojibway language.

"How it distressed him, that language. He wrote with impatience that it had 'a tendency to clutter up general ideas with particular meanings,'

and later, 'Ojibway words appear to be *glued* . . . to objects of sense.' But he was happy on the day he discovered that, whereas in Persian the word *abad* signifies *abode*, the Ojibway word *abid* means *where he dwells*, and he felt himself approaching the limpid fountainhead of all language."

Thus Janet Lewis, in sticking close to the documents on her characters, manages to convey sharply the flavor of the persons, and at the same time by stylistic emphasis to indicate how romantic is philology, and probably all science: a truth which ordinary histories of the modern age are likely to miss.

Documentation and seriousness and style have purged from this book the poisons which have made modern fiction such a sickly thing. There are no Hollywood emotions here. Even the spectacular expedition in which Johnston led his band of French-Indian traders and Indians in war paint gloriously to battle, and got as the fruit of victory his own impoverishment—all this is told with simple authenticity. Similarly, the treatment of the Indian is in no way sensationalized; for instance, the hopelessness of Sassaba, who wanted to fight the white man to the bitter death, is expressed in this way:

"Sassaba, stark naked save for a gray wolf-skin about his middle, . . . paraded down the portage path, gesticulating fiercely and mysteriously to the atmosphere. . . . Sassaba staggered, and reaching his dark hand to the whitewashed pickets of the stockade nearest him, laid his head on his outstretched arm for a moment and wept. He was still in the French village and he was undoubtedly very drunk."

This is simple dramatic writing, but writing with the most impressive of implications.

Documentation and serious historical intentions do not, of course, prevent a piece of writing from being a work of art; and this book is certainly a novel of the highest order. It is a work of art because of its unifying theme. It is a tragedy, a tragedy of the disintegration of "two noble houses"; and the forces which accomplished this disintegration are the forces which have made the modern world. In contrast with the voyageurs in their canoes, there are now six hundred foot ore carriers passing through the locks at St. Mary's. The falls are dry, and descendants of Johnston help manipulate the locks. Where Johnston led his gay flotilla, the *Douglass Houghton* looms out of the fog, bilge water "running from small holes, each with a stained trail beneath it, down the side of the ship. . . ." The features of Waub-ojeeg reappear in a gentle old lady, who, in contrast with the stoical Neen-

gay, is afraid of the ghost of her sister, and ashamed of herself for it.

The fact that this novel is historical makes it all the more powerful. I wonder whether Greek audiences in witnessing the disintegration of such a family as that of Thyestis, Agamemnon, and Electra did not feel a terrible immediacy in the destructive forces because they were conceived of as the forces of history. At least, *The Invasion* ought to shame thoroughly those many authors who regard the novel as an excuse for an emotional spree; not that a novel should be recognizable history but that it should have authenticity and comprehensiveness something like this one.

For this is perhaps the finest American novel that has appeared since the War. It is better writing than that of Elizabeth Madox Roberts, and its range is much greater. In regard to a movingly serious presentation of society and times, it is comparable with Caroline Gordon's *Penhally*. Its method—that of straightforward narrative—is probably superior to the stream-of-consciousness method of *Penhally*; indeed, what can be done with direct narrative is something of a revelation in *The Invasion.* Its final accomplishment is also probably superior to that of *Penhally,* for Caroline Gordon let social band music come into the concluding section of her book. And as much as one may admire the spirit and intelligence of Miss Gordon, admire it perhaps even more than the cool quiet of Miss Lewis, yet where a cause creeps in, the art is the loser. But this is practically splitting hairs; our literature is so much the richer for having these two books, with their profound differences in purpose and method, that we ought be content simply to prize them.

The Invasion suggests no way of escaping all that modernity which destroyed the Johnston family. As a matter of fact, modern ailments existed in the early days: the fur traders carried on commercial wars, and then as now indebtedness was the basis for a system of slavery. We must feel about the modern, something as Henry Schoolcraft felt about the Indian mind—it is a dark cave. And any ambitious solutions would be likely to turn out like Schoolcraft's solutions of the Indian language. But for Schoolcraft, however, the stories of the Indians were "not so dark and wild as they might have been had they not been filtered, like spring water, through the pure and gentle mind of Jane Johnston." *The Invasion* makes the dark cave of modernity not so dark as it might be.

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